

HX
87
F5

Sup
LET US
REVIEW
THE
SCENE



with

at

William M. Feigenbaum

**“LET US
REVIEW
THE SCENE”**

With
WILLIAM FEIGENBAUM

New York
1951

HX
27
F5

COMMITTEE OF SPONSORS

AUGUST CLAESENS	}	Social Democratic Federation
JOHN LYONS		
MRS. ESTHER FRIEDMAN		
ALEXANDER KAHN	}	Jewish Daily Forward
ADOLPH HELD		
CHARLES GROSSMAN	}	"Old Timers"
LOUIS P. GOLDBERG		
MITCHELL LOEB		
HERMAN VOLK		
SYDNEY STARK		
LOUIS WALDMAN	}	N. Y. State Assembly members, 1918
SAMUEL J. ORR		
CHARLES SOLOMON		
HARRY W. LAIDLER	}	League for Industrial Democracy
NATHANIEL MINKOFF		
SAMUEL DE WITT		

The sponsors of this book were prominently engaged in various phases of the Socialist Movement during the late William M. Feigenbaum's decades of activity. They were his warm and admiring friends; several of them served with him in the New York State Assembly.

CONTENTS

Foreword	5
Reds and Nazis Alike	11
Pull Circle	14
Only the Dictators Have Will for Aggression	16
Hitler Throws the Gage	18
Democracy on the Defensive	21
Morris Hillquit	24
Ben Hanford	28
Michael Zarnetkin	32
The Flavor of the Man	33
Abraham I. Shipplacoff	35
George Kirkpatrick	37
The Triangle Slaughter	39
About Christopher Columbus	41
Because of a Nail	44
Our Sacred Constitution	47
It Should Be a Private Matter	50
A Shorter Working Day	53
To Relieve Distress	56
Slashing Wages	59
The Library	62
Placid Ways	64
Lords of the Universe	66
Speaking of the Weather	69
Mark Twain the Revolutionary	72
Jack London	79
Edward Bellamy	82
William Morris	84
Bernard Shaw	89
Will the Stage Die?	92
Old Spanish Customs	95
The Socialist Program	97

FOREWORD

In the first decade of the present century, when William Feigenbaum began his activities as a Socialist speaker and journalist, the prospects of an early victory for Socialist ideas in America seemed very bright. After overcoming or seeming to overcome its internal difficulties, the Socialist movement was making rapid strides both in politics and in the industrial field, until in 1912 it polled one vote in sixteen in the Presidential campaign, and in 1917 one vote in four when Morris Hillquit ran for the mayoralty of New York City.

It was in the midst of this scene of growth and enthusiasm that William Feigenbaum grew to maturity. Born in Belgium in 1886 of parents themselves deeply involved in the Socialist movement, first in Poland and later in England, he breathed in his earliest childhood the atmosphere of youthful optimism that characterized those days. In 1891 his parents, Benjamin and Mathilda Feigenbaum, came to New York, where they took part in the development of the Jewish Daily Forward and of the Jewish Trade Union movement. They were an integral part of the intellectual movement of the East Side of New York that is still nostalgically remembered.

Young William matriculated at Columbia University where he made a good scholastic record. In September, 1905, at the beginning of his junior year, he attended the organization meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, presided over by Upton Sinclair; secured the election of Harry W. Laidler, then a junior at Wesleyan University, to the Society's Executive Committee. Returning to his Alma Mater young Feigenbaum organized an I.S.S. branch at Columbia, one of the first chapters of that organization, which, in 1921, became the League for Industrial Democracy. He was active in 1906 in arranging a crowded meeting in the Grand Central Palace, New York, for Jack London, the first President of the I.S.S., and was a prominent member of the Society for a score of years.

After his graduation from Columbia University in 1907, and after earning the degree of Master of Arts at Wisconsin and Columbia,

William threw himself wholeheartedly into the Socialist movement. He was one of the staff of the "Call" through the stirring days of its growth and its tragic decline. He was on the staff of the "New Leader" from the beginning. For a few years he was editor of the English page of the "Forward."

He was an indefatigable stump speaker capable of holding large crowds enthralled with his seemingly inexhaustible fund of facts and figures, and with his store of pertinent anecdotes.

He was elected in 1917 to the New York State Assembly and served through the 1918 session with an enthusiasm not repressed by the age-old cynicism that then characterized the Albany political scene.

Assemblyman Feigenbaum, during his term of office, introduced a dozen bills having to do with the protection of labor in private and public employment, and with the public ownership of public utilities and the municipal construction and operation of houses for lower income groups. Of his record in the Assembly, the Citizens Union said that this young member was "gifted in debate on social and economic questions," and "had a remarkably good record on City Legislation."

After 1918 the Socialist movement declined. The war-time persecutions, the growth of the Communist movement of which Feigenbaum was an early opponent, the prosperity of the twenties all took their toll. When there was no longer a field for him in the Socialist press William Feigenbaum found a place for himself on the "Brooklyn Standard Union" (1928-1936) and later on the "Newark Ledger" (1936-1941). He was still able to give part of his time to the Socialist movement, now torn by internal difficulties; he was still able, in columns that he wrote, subtly to give expression to the ideas that dominated him.

Devotion and time given to Socialism never kept him from extensive reading in the fields of history and literature. His sense of humor was a legend. His interests were varied and his knowledge was fabulous. It was no uncommon thing for him to receive letters from distant places containing requests for information on curious and esoteric historical questions. His writings, examples of which are presented in this booklet reflect his qualities.

William Feigenbaum passed away on April 23, 1949 after many years of illness. At the instance of his wife, Margaret, these pages are offered as a memorial to him. She selected the material from the large volume of his writings.

The matter presented in ~~an~~ interest in more ways than one; it will

serve to recall to Feigenbaum's friends the nature of his activities; it will throw light on the nature of the man; it will preserve for at least a few the memory of a time of great aspirations.

Committee of Sponsors

The fiery young Socialist does not appear in these pages. The teachings of the party that inspired him were contained in impassioned street corner speeches, and brought to the public from lecture platforms. These propaganda talks never saw print. So imbued was he with his message that he could speak extemporaneously at all times, and with eloquence and accuracy.

Included here are some stories of the struggle that so fascinated him, and biographies of party workers whose profiles were published in the "New Leader."

His philosophy was evident in everything that he wrote. We have tried to show him as he was; a person of strong social conscience, a student of international affairs, and a citizen well versed in the history and economics of his country. We have made use of material showing his great interest in literature and the stage. Finally, no picture of Bill Feigenbaum would have been complete without a touch of his endearing humor.

"Let us review the scene."

Margaret B. Feigenbaum

IT LOOKS LIKE WAR

IT LOOKS as if there is to be war in the East. It looks as if the difficulties that have arisen over Manchuria will be settled on the battlefield—which means they will not be settled at all. It looks as if we are in for more bloodshed, more international wrangling, more heartbreak.

China seems to be threatening war, while Japan is warning the world that she "will bitterly resent" attempts by the United States or the League of Nations, or both, to bring peace to the quarreling Oriental nations. Meanwhile efforts are still being made to preserve peace. Hope is not yet completely lost.

Both China and Japan, signatories both of the Kellogg pact, have set their names to an agreement renouncing war forever as an instrument of national policy. The pact, however, contains a joker to the effect that war may be resorted to where national "honor" is involved. And, needless to say, the "honor" of both Japan and China is involved—as it always is when a predatory nation wants something badly enough to be willing to fight for it; that is, whenever the statesmen of a nation want something that does not belong to them badly enough to be willing to sacrifice the lives of the sons of other mothers and fathers to get it.

It is also needless to explain that both nations are eager friends of peace; but each one is charging that the other is starting the trouble, from which it is impossible to withdraw without loss of their precious "honor."

The seriousness of the situation cannot be pooh-poohed. The danger of the situation cannot be laughed off by quoting the funny Oriental names that are appearing in the daily dispatches. If Japan and China actually go to war there will be no way of keeping Russia out, and if Russia goes to war against Japan it will be a "holy war," declared by the pious Soviet leaders, who will mask their greed for territory that does not belong to them by denouncing the imperialist nations of the world in the precious style of which they are such accomplished masters.

And when Russia gets into a "holy war" against the capitalist nations it is hard to see how it can fail to become an earthquake. And it is hard to see how the flames can then be confined to the continent of Asia.

In other words, we are of the opinion that the situation is gravely serious and that there are excellent chances that it will get out of hand.

We have just received a copy of the Japanese Times and Mail, published in Tokio, of the date of September 30. It is a well-edited news-

paper for the English-speaking people of Japan, and it is said to reflect government opinion and to have wide influence.

On Page One, sharing the place of honor with a three-column story dealing with Herndon and Pangborn, then still in Japan, is a story headed "Mukden Situation Shows Sign of Quieting Down." "Wakatsuki declares Japan will make every effort for peace," says the bank, or sub-head. Beside that story is a "box" with the information that, "Young Marshal Orders Men to Lay Down Arms," quoting Marshal Chang Hsueh-ling, son of the "Old Marshal" Chang Tso-Liang, and present War-Lord of Manchuria.

When the Japanese premier and the Manchurian war-lord now working in alliance with the Nanking government, jointly demand peace it looks like peace—at least on the surface. But that's the way of diplomacy—each side demands peace and swears they will do everything for peace, short of sacrificing their precious "honor," thus laying the onus for starting war upon the other fellow.

But in the same issue, on another page, we read these words under the caption "Japan as Guardian of Peace":

Japan has acted as the guardian of peace in the Far East for the last half century. She risked her very existence in two foreign wars, one against Russia and the other against China, in fulfillment of her guardianship. She fought the first war in order to place Korea out of the reach of foreign intrigues. She fought the second in order to make Manchuria a safe abode for Orientals. Korea today enjoys peace, security and prosperity; but Manchuria is placed in a grave situation chiefly because of China's refusal to live up to her international obligations. Japan has borne with Chinese injustice and atrocities as no nation has ever done under similar circumstances. But even Japan has no eternal patience. She now asks China to stop her unbridled audacity so that peace may be preserved in Manchuria.

If we had not read that in the paper we refer to we would think the statement was a burlesque. It is in precisely the tone every nation employs when caught starting a war of aggression.

Japan preserved the "peace" by wantonly attacking China in 1895 and placed Korea "out of the reach of foreign intrigues" by grabbing that independent nation for herself; and it now is a conquered province, seething with rebellion.

Today Manchuria is the objective. Manchuria is a portion of China and has been since 1644. Its 35,000,000 people are overwhelmingly Chinese. Russia wants Manchuria, and was ousted in 1905 by Japan, who wanted the great province for herself. Russia still wants it; the Japanese still want it; the Chinese display "unbridled audacity" in seeking to keep what is her own in law, in fact and by additional right of colonization and development.

We are eagerly waiting for the English-language newspapers of China to see if the Chinese can outdo the Japanese in diplomatic reasoning. We have sufficient confidence in diplomacy to believe the Chinese statesmen are able to make an even worse case for themselves than the Japanese have, and that they will be able to mask the plain justice of their

cause in arguments that evoke national "honor," that will appeal to just those things that have no bearing on the case.

Thus are wars started. Thus do nations get themselves flung into the inferno. Thus problems that might properly be settled soberly by decent men, acting like civilized human beings, around a council table are referred to the arbitrament of the sword.

We have no doubt but that Japan will win when the fighting really gets started. We fervently hope that when the theft of Manchuria is completed that will be the end, and that no other nations will be involved.

But we sorrowfully file the opinion that mankind is not yet civilized.

REDS AND NAZIS ALIKE

IN one significant particular the Nazi Reich and Stalin's "workers' fatherland" are exact copies of each other. In both of those states—held up as ideals to millions by high pressure propaganda to millions—the people live behind sealed borders. In both the citizens (or rather, subjects) are cut off from the rest of the world, are not allowed to travel abroad, are not allowed to listen to radio broadcasts from outside, are not allowed to read what they want, to correspond with whom they wish. Radio, press, private mail, books—everything is censored.

In other words, the Hitler "paradise" is a vast prison, and the Stalin Utopia is a concentration camp.

In apportioning praise or blame, it is interesting to note that Russia beat Germany to it. The borders of Russia were sealed long before Hitler took over in Germany and converted the Reich into a prison pen. But, again, in apportioning praise or blame, it is important to note that the Russian masses always were illiterate, and their isolation from the world was not as much of an outrage upon human decency and dignity as was Hitler's sealing of his borders.

The Soviet government, acting on the assumption that its subjects were ignorant and that what they didn't know would never hurt them, has been creating the picture of a fantastic world outside the Russian borders that the people within Russia have come to accept as accurate, since they have no information against which to check it.

For many years, Russia maintained its Intourist agency, through which Americans and others would buy trips to the Soviet land, together with carefully guided tours. Thousands of school teachers and others were guided through Russia by know-it-all guides and saw what they were supposed to see. Those who tried to see for themselves were spied upon, hounded, and forced by intimidation to leave the country.

But never was there any Russian Intourist to encourage Russians to see for themselves whether their rulers were telling the truth about America and the rest of what they called, in their own lingo, the "bourgeois" world.

The Soviet people were told that millions of people in America were starving, that there were bread riots in the streets, that a brutal capitalist government shot and gassed them into subjection. Books by selected American writers—Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Jack London among others—were circulated by the millions to show what a hell-hole America was.

(But when the Soviet government prepared to show a newsreel showing Americans standing in line at an employment office, it was hur-

riedly withdrawn when it was noticed that all the women wore silk stockings, the mark of the hated bourgeois.)

With no freedom of speech or press, with no freedom of assemblage, with no liberty to move about or converse privately with foreigners, it is hardly to be wondered that the Russian people have followed their leaders—or rather, leader—in everything he has told them. Those old enough to remember what freedom means, have been silenced or shot, while most of the men and women active in the regime are too young to remember what freedom means, and too young to recall the struggle of the early Russian revolutionary heroes for those liberties that Stalin now treats as crimes punishable by death or torture.

Even Russian diplomats, who would know what is going on in the outside world, have been "liquidated," or retired. A few of them resigned and renounced their allegiance when they were called home.

Germany started off with handicaps that Russia never had. The people are literate, and before that black day in 1933 when Hitler took over, a large number of them regularly read American, British, French and Swiss publications. Newsstands displayed them all. The cinemas showed mainly American pictures, and the masses knew that the standard of life here is immensely higher than the Nazis tried to tell their people it was. Pictures of parking lots, in front of factories filled with thousands of cars belonging to simple "exploited" factory workers told a story that no words could convey. It did not fit into the picture of the Nazis wanted to create.

But Hitler and Goebbels attended to all that. Only a few foreign newspapers now seep in. No American movies are shown. Books written by foreigners, and by Germans who do not agree with the fantastic ideas of the Nazis are burned, and barred. No one can possibly know what is going on. Listening to a non-Nazi radio is a capital crime.

It is Hitler's story that nowhere in the world are the masses as well off as in Germany, and the German people, after seven years in their concentration camps, know no better. It is Hitler's story that people everywhere else are starving (as it is Stalin's). So the German people are not permitted to wander around to find out for themselves.

Those who are able to go abroad are limited to so few marks to spend that they cannot see anything; and they are so spied on by Bundists and consular agents that they can learn nothing. At a recent international gymnastic meet in Stockholm, the German contestants were sent on a Nazi ship, and required to return to the ship after every event, in order that they might not be contaminated by learning how well, healthy, wholesome and happy people can be, even though they hate and despise Nazism.

To Americans, the diet problem is in keeping down the waistline. The butter and pastry and sugar and whipped cream problems are matters of calories. To a Nazi, confined to his prison, it is an event if he has enough butter for a meal. It is something to write home about if he is treated to *Schlagsahne* (whipped cream) with his coffee.

Little by little, the inmates of the two vast prisons are becoming obsessed with the idea of food. Those frontier guards who go into Holland

from time to time buy up all the chocolate they can get; they are like children turned loose in a bakeshop.

It is not surprising that a German, on a recent business trip to Belgium or Holland, took with him a number of packages of ersatz food, as a "Geschenk" to his suffering friends; who thereupon roared with laughter at the Nazi ignorance of conditions outside. And it is not surprising that a German on a diplomatic mission here looked at the abundance of good food at low prices on display in a public market, and asserted that it was just put out as a display to make an impression; for did not the Fuehrer tell him that America is starving?

Those who are "neutral" in this war; those who believe that it is only an imperialist quarrel for territory that does not concern free people are giving aid and comfort to those who would make the whole world a prison—as did the rulers of two once great countries.

FULL CIRCLE

IN the flush of the first moments of the Russian revolution, the leaders of the victorious Bolsheviks felt a duty imposed on them to spread the blessings of their peculiar philosophy upon the whole world. The World War was staggering to its dreary close amidst unprecedented destruction, and it was an even bet that the world order as it had existed prior to 1914 would not survive.

Hence, the Bolsheviks—like the French Jacobins a century and a quarter before—undertook to carry their revolution to the whole world. In countries at war and at peace, in Europe and in the Americas, they undertook to bring about violent overthrow and the establishment of a Soviet system. To spread that revolutionary movement the Communist International was established supposedly to act as a clearing house for Communist parties in all countries; actually, it was to be the "general staff of the world revolution."

In countries where labor parties existed, had large numbers of followers among the voters and in legislative bodies, and where labor unions had become powerful, the "general staff" undertook to destroy the confidence of the masses in their own organizations. Rival organizations were set up and controversies of unprecedented violence were started with that aim in view.

The theory back of the fantastic maneuver was that the revolution had to be world-wide; a corollary (in the minds of the Russian Bolsheviks) was that only the Russian knew the exact way to do the job, and for any one even slightly to criticize the policies or the methods of the Bolshevik leaders was a crime of the deepest dye.

In the words of the Bolshevik leaders, every strike in any industry, at any time, in any country, was to be a "rehearsal for the revolution"; hence a series of revolutionary strikes (without concrete objectives) in Buenos Aires, Lima and many other South American cities in countries that had not even been in the war. As Leon Trotsky put it, labor leaders were traitors and "lackeys" of the employers unless they were prepared to convert every labor controversy into "heavy civil war."

Well, in the course of time, political developments, Russian famine, the death of Lenin and a number of other things resulted in the petering out of that form of lunacy. But Trotsky still insisted upon the theory of "world revolution," while Stalin, who sensibly realized that the Trotsky idea was nonsense, tossed the embattled Leon out of his job, his party and the country, while he undertook, in his own realm, to establish "Socialism in one country." His idea was that he would make such a brilliant success of his regime that the working people of all other countries would flock

behind his banners and seek to do likewise. Trotsky, meanwhile, continued (and continues) to intrigue for what he calls his "permanent revolution," wherever he is at the moment.

Stalin maintained his Communist International as an agency for the foreign policy of his government; its original function, always based on fiction, was quickly forgotten. During at least a decade the Bolshevik government was at least not aggressive. Stalin was too busy at home shooting his generals and doing other things to be busy about aggression. Hence, his spokesman at Geneva, Maxim Litvinoff, could honestly and conscientiously urge disarmament and denounce aggression (although, alas! they did nothing about it.)

Now the wheel turns again and Stalin has again become a Trotskyite. Again he is all hot for spreading the glories of his regime into Poland, the Baltic States and now into Finland. His new spurt of activity can be explained only by the fact that he has taken the old idea of "world revolution," "heavy civil war," "every strike a rehearsal for the revolution" out of mothballs and is now working at it. It took a world war to get him to start it again; in fact, it is quite possible that he framed his pact with Hitler in order to get the world war going, so that he might have a free hand in "liberating" the Finns with bombing planes.

Any way one looks at it, it is plain that, each in his own way, Hitler and Stalin are going after world chaos. Each hopes to knock off one country after another, and by steadily spreading their influence each hopes to rule the world.

And the rule of each kind of "ideology" means the end of all the human values that civilization has taken so long to establish. If either win, the world is back in the jungles, but if both win, the world is on its way into decades—possibly centuries—of unceasing warfare, and possibly in the end, the end of civilization.

One expects nothing of Hitler, for Hitler is an uneducated and ignorant man. It is on Stalin, who is expected to know better, that the greatest condemnation is to be showered for his revival of the principles of 1917, adopted then as slogans in the red hot days of revolution and used now at a moment when they can do the most harm to all the world for all time to come.

ONLY THE DICTATORS HAVE WILL FOR AGGRESSION

SINCE 1935 there have been seven or eight wars (or non-wars, as the case may be) in various parts of the world. Two of them have been merely "occupations" of the territory of other nations, accompanied by little or no fighting. In those cases, however, the governments of the nations occupied have been suppressed and the people treated in a way usually reserved for an enemy conquered after resistance.

In the summer of 1935 the Italian armies began their conquest of Ethiopia. In 1936 the civil war began in Spain, made possible and effective by the intervention (or, as they would put it, non-intervention) of fascist Italy and Nazi Germany; later Bolshevik Russia took a hand in the free-for-all. In March, 1937, the Nazis marched into Austria, destroyed that country and treated its people like conquered slaves. In July, 1937, the Japanese started their China "incident." A bit later the Nazis started their process of the destruction of Czechoslovakia, which took half a year to complete. Thereafter the Nazis attacked Poland—with the kindly aid and cooperation of the Bolshevik ("Workers of the World Unite") Russians, and reduced that country in a Blitzkrieg. Last spring, also, Fascist Italy forcibly took over Albania. And now comes the attack upon Finland.

In off moments in between, the Nazis took over Memel, while the Bolsheviks virtually took over Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia. And to top off the story, the Bolsheviks are now getting to work on Rumania.

All these wars (and non-wars) have one thing in common; in every case they were waged on people minding their own business and meaning (and doing) no harm to anyone else, least of all to their assailants. Sometimes they were accomplished by fiendish destruction; sometimes merely by terror and threats of terror, accompanied by well-organized treason within the victim nation.

But more important is another common characteristic of every one of these incidents:

Without a single exception, they were perpetrated by totalitarian nations. Not a single attack upon another people has been made by a self-governing nation, by a people with freedom of expression and a measure of control over its government.

Many of the democratic nations—our own by no means excluded—have at one time or another in the past attacked weak and defenseless neighbors. But for a full quarter of a century, no free people had made wanton war for aggressive purposes. That is as obsolete as battering rams and armor.

Only in nations where there is no will but that of the Leader, the Chief, the Duce, the Caudillo; where there is no way open to the people of creating or influencing opinion and national policy has there been a will for aggression. It seemed like a good idea to Hitler or Stalin or the military clique, and that was that. To oppose or even criticize a decision by the Leader, to express an opinion, to suggest that the course proposed was wrong, unjust, cruel—even only unwise—is to commit a criminal offense, punishable accordingly.

If the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the President of the United States, or any other head of a self-governing state, were to suggest aggressive action there would be instantly such a storm of discussion that the element of surprise would be lacking, and such a plan would of necessity fall to the ground. Indeed, an earlier American president once nearly got us into such a war, but he was stymied by the outcry of the whole press and people.

We have reached a point in development that no free and honest people will ever be an aggressor. Aggression, plundering another people, destroying their liberty and institutions, establishing one's own institutions among a hostile people, are things free people do not care to do and are not doing.

There is a moral to this; it should be obvious to everyone.

A free people is weak on aggression; but it is unconquerable in defense, for the people know what it is they are defending. For they themselves make the decisions.

Reinstating by its virtual collection of parties with divergent aims and limited only in the hope that they can save the Republic from the Hitlerites and the allies of the Hugenburg Nationalist party which they seem to have swallowed and the Communists, professing objectives diametrically opposed but actually their political bed-fellows. It is a strange line-up but at the moment it seems that they have the Republic on the defensive.

Hitler definitely shows the inchoate imbecilities that but a few years ago were greeted with shouts of delight, but today he is greeted with frenzied cheers by millions who seem to be willing to try even the reckless Fascism of his party as an alternative to the weary looking but the continuance of an orderly Republic will mean.

The German masses feel that they can sink no lower; millions seem ready to try Hitlerism or Communism as a last fighting chance to save their manhood. It is the sublimation of despair. The whole world is watching developments with the deepest anxiety.

DEMOCRACY ON THE DEFENSIVE

THE destruction of self-government in Germany by the Hitler madness, the long-continued sway of Fascism in Italy and Hungary, the threat to democratic self-government in Austria and other countries, the dictatorships in Cuba, Yugoslavia, Poland and other countries, and the continued rule of dictatorship in Soviet Russia have all conspired to put democracy upon the defensive everywhere.

And it is just at this time that the British Labor movement, taking the lead in the world Socialist movement, is throwing all its weight back behind elementary democracy.

British workers, in their unions and in the Labor Party, have selected this moment to emphasize their unqualified support of democracy as such, as the means of winning the emancipation of the working class and the way of the future.

The joint May Day Manifesto of the Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress emphasizes democracy as opposed to dictatorship, as does the May Day declaration of the General Council of the International Federation of Trades Unions. The emphasis is against the dictatorship of Lenin and of Bolshevism as well.

At the same time, the Swiss Socialist Party, one of the strongest, most powerful and healthiest of the Socialist parties in any country, at its recent national conference, took an emphatic stand in favor of democratic methods. By an almost unanimous vote it was decided that:

"The Social Democrats reject illegal methods of action so long as the bourgeois does not overstep the bounds of democracy and does not violate the democratic rights and liberties of the people. . . . Any playing with illegal methods can only be detrimental to the interests of the workers and constitutes a betrayal of the working class."

The tragedy of Germany, before the eyes of the whole world, has dealt democracy a fearful setback. In the face of the long struggle of Socialist and labor movement of that country, to establish democracy as the way of progress two elements fought steadily, bitterly, savagely against democracy, pounding incessantly, bitterly and unscrupulously at it from the right—and from the left.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that if it were not for the Communist assault upon democratic methods the workers would not have been so easily and tragically deceived that the way would not have been made clear for the triumph of fascism and terror and madness.

Then what is to be done? Are the Socialists and trade unions to abandon their struggle for Socialism? The answer is an emphatic No!

And are the Socialists and trade unions to abandon their use of democratic methods? If they do, they will have wiped out the essential differences between the Socialist movement and the Communism that developed out of the Russian revolution. For if they abandon democracy they will have no choice but to organize as a militant minority to seize power when—or if—power can be seized. A minority acting as storm troops, composed of men constituting what is in effect an army of men devoting all their time to the revolutionary movement, an army seeking to establish some kind of dictatorship in the interest of the working class, but by neglect of the imagination by the working class itself. This was done in Russia. This now ought to be done in Germany, until the crafty Goebbels saw the point and took the last adopted Bolshevik methods and declared that henceforth the battle was to be fought out in the streets. And it was.

That is the only alternative to abandonment of the struggle and the appeal to the workers is continued along democratic lines.

Such democratic methods do not necessarily mean a fanatical and unreasoning adherence to parliamentary elections as the sole weapon at all times, at all costs, regardless of the consequences. They do not mean that if a situation arises in the future when the workers have power within their grasp they will voluntarily surrender to reaction or even Fascism unless they have a majority duly attested to by boards of canvassers. It does mean that they will continue to the very end to employ whatever democratic methods remain and to throw the onus of denial and betrayal of those methods upon the other sides.

A number of documents before us indicate that significant trend. The Swiss Socialist resolution is one of them. John Middleton Murray, noted British author, critic and journalist and Socialist, is emphatic in a recent article in the London Advertiser of which he is editor, reprinted in The World of Tomorrow.

He says, "First and foremost is the determination that the working class must not abandon, at this crucial moment, a single one of the weapons it has legitimately won for the prosecution of the class struggle. This means that the Labor movement must not merely not abandon, but resolutely retain its chief weapon, namely the weapon of Parliament. . . . When revolutionary Socialists discredit Parliament in a parliamentary country they destroy their own best weapon of offense or defense. They make smooth the way not for Socialist dictatorship but for anti-Socialist dictatorship."

George Lansbury, leader of the British Labor Party, writes: "The armed forces of the Crown and the police are the servants, not the masters of the people and through Parliament and Parliament alone the people exercise that control."

Mr. Middleton comments that Lansbury here is a realist of the first water and adds that control of the police and armed forces "can be attained through Parliament and by no other means."

In the New Clarion of London, Lansbury writes an article entitled "Stop This Dictator Talk!" and says "We do not need to break with democracy in order to break with the past. We must now try real

and get it well carried out. We must cease all the nonsensical talk of compromise. We must unite and together work for complete democracy and by we shall remodel once the people pack the House of Commons with a Socialist majority."

Mr. C. G. Brown, president of the International Federation of Trade Unions, in view of the swift march of political events, the

and the Parliamentary Labor Party has asserted once more the necessity of democracy which the organized working class movement must support and defend against dictatorship, terrorism, violence and denial of freedom.

These are but a few of the recent pronouncements against dictatorship or dictatorship.

Now the Socialist and Labor movements are re-examining their position concerning whether they have been correct. In the face of the terrible blow Socialism, democracy and the labor movement have sustained, in the face of the reign of terror in country after country,

and the Party of Communist propaganda for unity of action with the Socialists it is significant that from those countries in which the labor and Socialist movements have held their own most successfully here

is a common call for the defense, the preservation and the promotion of democracy. These are facts that all earnest Socialists and trade unionists are today studying.

MORRIS HILLQUIT

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS OF DEVOTION TO SOCIALISM

MORRIS HILLQUIT, the undivided leader of American Socialism for so many years, was just over 64 years old when he died, having been born in Riga, August 7, 1869. For close to half a century he devoted all of his grey hairs and his whole strength to the cause of Socialism and of Labor, which to him were one.

Hillquit, whose father and mother were Latvians and counted property had a good education in Latvia, but when he was brought to the United States at the age of 17 he had to continue his education at night while working in a shirt factory by day. The story of those early years is told with ineffable charm in his delightful *Memories: Loose Leaves From a Busy Life*.

From the very beginning of his life in the country he took an active part in the then weak Socialist movement. There was a weekly Socialist paper published in Yiddish and edited by Abraham Cahan, known as *Arbeter Zeitung*. Hillquit later confessed that he was hired a manager, associate editor and official poet under contract to furnish one inspirational poem per week. The salary was three dollars per week, when he got it.

There followed years of night school teaching, law study, graduation from New York University, admission to the bar and the beginning of law practice, a practice never at far from the labor movement.

In those early days Hillquit was associated with Cahan and Meyer London, and other pioneer Socialists with whom Socialist activity was indistinguishable from the activity in the labor movement. Most of the needle-trades unions were organized by Socialists in that way.

Hillquit also began to contribute for labor party affairs. To make some of his comrades he read his address to the American scene and had a "feel" for American problems and for the sentiments of the American workers for superior treatment of his colleagues. By 1898, when he was still under thirty, he was already an important figure in the party.

That year the internal dissensions of the party that resulted three years later in the formation of the present Socialist party out of the merger of the DeLeon-controlled Socialist Labor Party, the Socialist Democratic Party organized by Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist Democratic Party of Massachusetts that had won important election victories, and other groups. Hillquit had led the fight against the DeLeon party of socialism in the S.L.P., and from that time he was in the front rank as one of the national leaders of American Socialism.

In 1900 he was a delegate of the majority faction of the S.L.P. in the convention that was held at the convention that negotiated with the Socialist Democratic Party for unity in the elections that year under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs. In 1901 he was one of the leaders in the Indianapolis convention that formally organized the present Socialist Party.

From that day to the day of his death the story of Hillquit is in a great measure the story of the Socialist Party and of important sections of the labor movement.

From 1904 on he was a delegate to every International Socialist gathering, serving with brilliant distinction at Amsterdam in that year, at Stockholm in 1907, at Copenhagen in 1910, at Basel in 1912, in the Vienna Working Union prior to the organization of the Labor and Socialist International in Hamburg in 1923; he was a delegate to Marseilles in 1925, to Moscow in 1928 and to Vienna in 1931.

Year after year Hillquit visited Europe and became intimately acquainted with virtually all the great leaders of world Socialism. He was in their confidence, and in many world conferences his wise counsel was

In all the International Congresses Hillquit was known for his matchless as well as his good humor, his good sense and his warm heart. He was the world's boss in high places and those honored by permission held him in the highest esteem.

But Hillquit's interest in world affairs did not blind him to the important work at home. Increasingly as the years passed, his influence in the Socialist Party in the unions and in the country at large.

There is room here only to mention the splendid literary work of Morris Hillquit. He had a clear sparkling style and his books and articles were for literary value as well as content.

His work in the labor movement especially in the needle trades, is a chapter in American labor history, some day it will be written and the world will know the matchless services of this great man. In strike after strike he counseled with the workers; and his settlements were of incalculable value to them.

His services to the needle unions continued to the very end; his very last work was to fly to Washington by plane to argue a code for the Cloakmakers. At the funeral ceremonies at Cooper Union it was related by David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, that Hillquit was the first to propose that a union draft its own code, and fight for it, rather than to fight against unfavorable provisions in codes offered them. He left what was virtually his deathbed to argue the Cloakmakers' Code that he drew up, and he won; many other unions

have followed his example. In 1906 Hillquit waged the first of the campaigns for which he became famous, the first battle to redeem the East Side from Tammany Hall and to win it for the workers.

What a battle that was! Hillquit revealed unexpected qualities as a campaigner. Flanked by such men as William Miller, Robert Hunter, James Oneal, who came in from the West about that time, and by the best of the men of his own generation in the New York movement.

Hillquit waged a fight that stirred the city. In that year Professor Franklin H. Giddings, head of the department of Sociology at Columbia, advised members of his graduate classes to go downtown and work for the election of Hillquit if they wanted to do something for American democracy.

The election returns showed that the Tammany man had won, and he took his seat, but no one believed that the figures came within five thousands votes of the actual results.

In 1908 Hillquit ran again, and again he beat the Republican by thousands, and was defeated only by Tammany arithmetic.

For nine years thereafter Hillquit served the party as counselor and friend, as committeeman and guide. In 1912, for example, he felt that a certain tendency represented by the syndicalism of the I.W.W. was dangerous to the Socialist movement. Although it was supported by the then popular William D. Haywood, Hillquit did not hesitate to wage war upon it, and he led the fight in the 1912 convention at Indianapolis that led to a clarification of the party's position. His courage in facing unpopularly with his own comrades for what he believed right was as great as his courage in fighting the foes of his cause.

In that year he suffered his first breakdown from tuberculosis. He spent the fall and winter in Bermuda, returning to attend committee meetings, and the winter and spring in Switzerland. There in August 1913, he spoke at the funeral of August Bebel, and his address was considered the greatest among those delivered by the greatest men and women of world Socialism.

Returning in the fall, he was greeted with wild enthusiasm by his comrades, and he plunged into party work again and into the struggles of the unions. In 1914 he was on his way to Europe to attend the International Congress in Paris when war broke out and he returned to take the lead in the party's anti-war campaign.

In 1916 he drew up the party's position on terms of peace, and together with Congressman Meyer London and James H. Maurer he went to Washington to argue them with President Wilson. Later the party's peace plans, much garbled, re-appeared as President Wilson's Fourteen Points.

In the fall of 1916 he ran for Congress in Harlem and again waged a fight that attracted the attention of the entire country. But this time it was Republican arithmetic that defeated him by a slender margin.

Two years later a city-wide Tammany-Republican fusion defeated him in Harlem as well as Meyer London on the East Side. A beneficiary of that fusion was a young Republican Congressman named La Follette, who accepted Tammany support in the hope of being elected to "save" the city from Socialism and for Tammany and the Republican reactionaries.

Then came 1917. America was dragged into the war and Russia drove out the Czar. Hillquit was again in the front rank of those who fought for peace, and of those who rejoiced at the Russian revolution. His great speech at Madison Square Garden in March with the refrain "Russia is Free!" will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

In the fall he was named for Mayor. In that year Hillquit outdid himself. His lungs were troubling him again, but he kept the informal on

He was in danger of indictment or of lynching, but that did not trouble him. He was counted upon him, and he did not fail them. He

Hillquit led us in that campaign, and we who fought under him will ever cherish the memory of the battle, and of his magnificent leadership. Night after night he went from place to place, speaking to the comrades, saying what was in our hearts to say, and we were

He faced opposition that year that no one who was not in the fight could imagine. Hatred, prejudice, threats of mob violence, and even anti-Semitism, but he never gave one inch.

He found time for brilliant legal defense of victims of war-time fury, and he found time, as always, for debates with opponents of

There came another breakdown, this time more serious than the first. Again he went away in quest of health; again he followed his interest the affairs of the party and of the unions. In 1918 he ran for Congress, but in absentia, and he did not return to New York until the fall of 1919, and then for only a short time.

It was in the winter of 1920 that he again threw himself into the fight. In that year came the notorious Sweet, master of the regularly scheduled Socialist Assemblyman of New York. And Hillquit left his sick bed, at the risk of his health and his life to defend the five Socialists. His defense was masterly, it was courageous, it was brilliant. It will forever be a monument in the battle for free institutions.

And then again party work; the 1920 convention, and the struggle against the neo-Communism that sought to split and destroy the Socialist movement, and again Hillquit risked unpopularity to defend the position of Social Democracy. But the welcome he received upon his return showed that despite differences of opinion his comrades loved him . . . as he deserved to be loved.

And so the last few years hurried by. In 1924 he led the party in the La Follette adventure, it is possible that he never had showed more brilliant persistence, more courage than then. His battle in the La Follette movement was for the Socialist Party and in the Socialist Party for the acceptance of the La Follette movement.

Then more years passed. The party, the whole country and the world began to realize his greatness in its true perspective. His writings were read and his lectures debated and speeches listened to with joy. He lived in the love of comrades, a love that came to a climax in 1929. The whole world celebrated his 60th birthday and he gaily promised "at least twenty or twenty-five years more." In that year he was selected National Chairman of the party.

But, alas! he was wrong. It struck him again. After his magnificent heroic battle he began to fail rapidly and then came the end, October 7th, 1933.

For many of us has been emptier since that day a year ago. Tears fall from our eyes as we write this. But we carry on . . . Morris would have led us to

BEN HANFORD

GOOD God, Comrades, there hasn't been a chance for us to make a move take that we haven't eagerly seized. In that we have been like the Lib movement" so went a speech at the 1964 national convention of the Socialist party.

when the Lord oveh, he listeneth to n here never was a group so
of love of the Lord as the Socia party,' and then following his feelings
about making mistakes he went on: But, like the common movement, we
have no more a test in our situation, our mistakes that have be
organizational and like them we are interested only in coming from the
law to avoid more mistakes.

The speaker was Ben Harford, and he said just he nominated the Vice President to make the race with Con Dicks. It was, by the way, the only nation convention that was attended by both the candidates. After the Presidential ticket coming to the platform in response to the demand of the delegates in New York and that I came to the front in a new suit was not a lot better just the same. That's the way with our party. And that was of the fact and in fact of Social Convention speaker was after way.

Handed led in January 1922, not yet 30 years old. But he was considered one of the two biggest names in Socialism in the United States of his abolition and is even in the United States. He was in New York three times for Mayor and for Vice President. He lived, it was not yet that he had a very long career. He died in 1922.

Ben Hanford was a little printer 'titch' in he says that I 'purine' He was he - or I mean it was a little bit Ben was so old - might have a physical - but I say where has 'He was' need He has been born in Cleveland and he worked as printer in Marsh - at the - and in cases of the law He was not a one - it - in the - had no particular philosophy - he had 't a thing to say for at least so he said. So he thought he was headed for the gutter.

While working in Washington in the early 'nineties he attended a lecture in the Typographical Temple on G Street. Following the address of the speaker he made a short speech. At this time some one came to him and said "Why H. and I don't know that you are a Socialist."

Her didn't enter but only at work he drifted to Philadelphia. I a return a Mr. C. (Cann) the discussion with his fellow prisoners. Fred Long, finished the job; and from that moment his very life was the Socialist movement. He had no other interest.

I tell you how much I think of you
 I agree Wood at one time

"Next to having Socialism the greatest thing on

First campaign as a candidate, in 1898, Hanford showed himself as a remarkable orator, whose qualities were not so much studied but absolute earnestness, tempered with fine humor. His abilities as an inspiring speaker developed with his humorous national campaign and he became one of the two best in America.

“Do you love your dollar better than your Call?” he asked. And he, in fact, dying Fred Long, or Philbrick, to the youngest recruit in the ranks, the response came

He raised something less than \$6,000, but that was not all. He gave his life for The Call. He died for The Call. His last message was this, "I have a message for you. Do you want anything?"

And he fought on! He died in harness. In January, 1910, he knew his end was near, and he joked about it. He had been fleeced so much, living that he did not want his family to be fleeced in his death, so he begged

it was on January 24, that he died. He was delirious; he thought
that he was on a great platform, awaying vast multitudes with the glorious
trumpet horn of a magnificent soul and a simple heart; he made his
last will and testament. A little wife who had been in the very shadow
of his bed, when he signed it, in an ecstasy of love, he
wrote with his dying fingers, "I would that every heart's
beats were for the working class, and through them to the
benefit of the world." And then he died.

MEYER LONDON

It was early in the morning following election day in 1914. After a wild night full of rumors, punctuated with brawls at polling places, often breaking out into open fights, the news had been published in election returns that the sitting Tammany Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle, had been re-elected by a majority of 5,000 in the 12th Congressional District of New York's congested East Side. The extras, however, gave only the Republican and the Democratic vote; they made no mention of the Socialist vote, nor did the evening papers until late the next day.

The Socialists had carried on a terrific campaign, and they knew they had elected their Congressman. The Socialist watchers had stuck to their posts, often at imminent risk of their lives, and did not turn to reports in to headquarters until the last vote for the least important office had been entered upon the tally sheets (that was before the time of machines). Socialist runners had brought in preliminary reports that indicated the election of Meyer London. But it was not until the dawn was breaking that the election was confirmed by the totaling up of the watchers' reports.

The news swept the East Side like wildfire. The humble folk of that tenement section had long been oppressed and oppressed by Tammany Hall at Tammany Hall. This was the break Tammany for all its brutal methods was kicked. It was the dawn of a new day.

The Socialist watchers and other party workers had gathered for a bite of breakfast in a Divison Street restaurant. Just as the first rays of the sun broke through, Meyer London entered—unutterably weary but walking like a conquering lion. No one who was there will ever forget the indescribable thrill of the moment. It was worth waiting a lifetime for. Comrades shouted their joy, embraced and kissed London, tears streaming down their faces; workmen long exploited, plundered and outraged by Tammany rule of the district looked up in awe and said, "Is that he?"

Meyer London had been elected to Congress, and the following Sunday Madison Square Garden was crowded with thousands of people who came to celebrate. "Congressman London," said Morris Hallquist triumphantly, "is the only member of the House of Representatives who has to hire Madison Square Garden for a Sunday afternoon reception to his constituents."

Meyer London served six years in Congress, six of the most terrible years in recent history. Unlike Victor Berger, who came to Congress at a time of friendliness and good will, he was promptly plunged into the fearful problems of the early years of the war and the beginning of America's participation in the European slaughter. A man of peace, one of the

friendliest and sweetest souls I have ever known, his whole public life was a battle; he fought three bitter and unsuccessful campaigns before he won election to Congress; (he told me that a Socialist in that election had to have 10,000 votes in the bag just to break even); he was often in conflict and often violent controversy within his own party. He used to say that his bitterest fights were with himself; "Often in the morning I differ violently from my position of that same morning."

London lived a turbulent, a fighting life, and it was not until after he went from Congress—a "retirement" forced by a crooked Tammany boss—that he began to relax. A Republican Tammany boss in a wholesale theft of votes—that his comrades really began to appreciate him. He had been with them so long, they had known him so intimately, they had grown so much together that they had hardly noticed his growth from just a good and willing branch worker to the stature of a leader toward the end.

London was one of that rare breed that knows how to grow and how to learn. When he went to Congress he was not satisfied merely to make a few Socialist stump speeches; he gave himself the task of studying and understanding everything that was before the House, and so he became one of the best-informed public men in America. At the time a tariff bill was before Congress, and he made himself a master of the tariff before him but also of the history and the theory of the tariff. He studied the tariff of the past and he learned of the tariff measures of the House of Doges that had ruled Venice for many centuries. He thereupon learned to read Italian and he read all he could of the House of Doges and quite startled the best-informed men in the House with his personal knowledge of the whole field of government.

Despite his deep knowledge, despite his genuine contributions to the progress, despite his services to the workers and the industrial world, they were many and of considerable value. Meyer London never lost sight of the end what he was in the beginning—a flaming soul—a man with love for humanity and devotion to the cause of human emancipation.

To know him was to love him. His bitterest political enemies had the greatest affection for him personally. The henchmen of Tammany, who conspired to elect a man for election, felt so grieved at his death that they quietly attended his funeral, walked to his coffin and laid their hands on his shoulders, and those who knew the history of Tammany felt the depth of that personal tribute.

London lived briefly. His life was cut short. He was 54 when he was struck down on the streets of New York by a taxicab, but in his brief life of activity he had packed in so much work and so many achievements that it is impossible even to list them in a space like this.

Mainly, however, London lived, and he inspired those who knew him. And that alone was a contribution of enormous importance to the Socialist movement of America.

MICHAEL ZAMETKIN

WITH the death of Michael Zametkin last week at the age of 70 another of the thinning ranks of leaders of the Jewish Socialist and Labor movement passed away. Few indeed are left of this gallant band of dedicated mainly immigrant men from Russia who in the splintered and scattered Jewish work in the congested factories of New York and other cities brought them the inspiration of Socialism and organized them into great trade unions.

Michael Zametkin's services to the Socialist and Labor movement spanned half a century in his country. Although in recent years he had kept in large measure to the very end, however, he retained his interest in the party and its activities and in the Forward Association. He rarely missed a meeting of the Forward Association, often attending when he appeared too ill to leave his bed.

Comrade Zametkin was a native of Odessa, born in January, 1839, and as a university student was known as a brilliant mathematician. He early associated himself with the revolutionary movement and had to leave Russia to escape the Czar's police. He came to America in the first great wave of Russian Jewish immigration of 23 years ago.

Here he worked in a shirt factory for a while, later he was a teacher in the public night schools. He early joined the ranks of the Jewish Socialist pioneers, and soon became known as one of the ablest and most fiery of the Socialist speakers of that period.

In addition to his lecturing, in every part of the East, Comrade Zametkin was a trenchant writer and contributed to all the Jewish Socialist publications. He was one of the founders of the Jewish Daily Forward and for a brief period was its editor. He remained associated with the staff of the Forward until his death.

The funeral Friday morning was attended by a large gathering of Comrade Zametkin's old associates. Brief addresses were delivered by Jacob Panker, Abraham Cahan, B. C. Voorhees, and Joseph Weinberg.

THE FLAVOR OF THE MAN

It is to say that Art Young is the American Daumier, that he is the greatest cartoonist since Th. Nast, that he is a social philosopher, that he is a poetical commentator whose deep seriousness is by no means concealed by his wit and charm and joviality.

These things are true but added together they do not constitute the flavor of the man. For on Art Young it is literally true that the whole is far greater than the sum of all its parts.

It is by no means easy to capture the flavor of the man. It is necessary to sit and talk with him, to walk with him and to eat with him, to know him, to begin to realize the manner of man he is.

There is a picture he drew that appeared in one of the important magazines that always tickled me; it shows a middle-aged, comfortable-looking man, a husband and wife at the theatre. The man says to an attendant, "You tell me if this is a good play?" "Why, yes," says the attendant, "it is a good play." "There mother," says the man to his wife, "I told you it was a good play."

When that picture appeared, Art told me the incident, he swears that he saw it in a theatre, and his deep delight at the episode, his benignity were as much part of the incident as the episode itself. But Art loves human beings even though he laughs at their foibles, though he hates injustice with a blazing, blistering hate.

Have you ever heard him in his prime telling stories? Some of them could only be printed here, even in these frank days. Have you ever heard him make a speech? Have you ever heard him as the Southern people say, "It is an uproariously funny sketch, but somehow it never made it to the South." It is possible that Abraham hearing the speech might have taken him to the Senate or if they suspected that he was poking fun at the like of Tom Heflin and Theodore Bilbo, they might have gagged him. But elsewhere it was positively funny. But it wasn't very funny, because Art cannot seem ever to be bitter at people.

One time I saw him gravely studying instruments in the window of a music store. He said he wanted to get an idea of what a saxophone looked like. He had been at a convention of stuffed shirts, the Republican National Convention that nominated Cal Coolidge for President. I believe, and at the moment a signal was given for music. The members of the band, in a box, had been bored into slumber by the oratory, and the concert went on so suddenly that he fell out of the box. Art was trying to immortalize the incident in one of his gorgeous drawings.

That was the last he could see of him, at what Minton might have called a late hour, he was only vaguely aware of it.

A writer once said that there never was a man more accurately and truthfully described by his own name. Art Young is not there, a collection of letters to his friends and acquaintances, but in his own words, he is a man who is a man.

So how I must keep thinking of Mark Twain in connection with Art Young. It is not a coincidence that I was not with Mark Twain when he died, but it is the genuine expression of a man who is a man, a noble figure in an ignoble world. All honor to him.

ABRAHAM I. SHIPLACOFF

Today, February 20, marks the first anniversary of the passing of the beloved Abraham I. Shiplacoff after a long and agonizing illness. For several years before his death Shiplacoff had been too ill to participate in active work, and there are therefore many of the newer members of the party to whom he is but a name.

But to those who knew him and worked with him in the Socialist labor movement, Shiplacoff is not and never will be merely a name. His place among the Socialist immortals with men and women of such diverse characteristics and contributions to our cause as Meyer London and William Mailly, Ben Hanford and Benjamin Feigenbaum, Anna A. Maloy and Eugene V. Debs, Ben Schlessinger and Morris Hilquit, equals to whom nothing mattered except the progress of the cause to which they had devoted their lives.

In A. I. Shiplacoff were combined a sterling and a beautiful character, remarkable ability, and a wonderful devotion to his cause. It is for those who did not know him to realize the magnitude and extent of his activities, for such a man rarely appears among us.

Those who knew him well, who enjoyed the sweetness of his character and his burning spirit often loved him as a man so much that they forgot his sterling abilities and his matchless devotion. He was a man who wondered at considering how great that personality was. He was when all is said and done a lovely character. He was a man who was devoted to the cause of the oppressed, a man who was denounced by the orthodox for "misadventure" by bringing them the Socialist ideal, nevertheless he was a right-atter man in Brownsville by these very orthodox religious men on every problem under the sun from bringing up their religious tangles to industrial and economic troubles.

Every convert to Socialism, the pupil of the late B. Feigenbaum, was respected as his "brother" and who warmly returned the affection to the Socialist cause. On "warrior" and "loyalty" he was something that came from his heart and soul. To hear him speak anywhere—on the street corner or in a lecture hall, in a committee convention or in a legislative body—was a delight. Gifted with a low voice, a winning smile, a delightful sense of fun, and a wealth of knowledge and a great expression, in truth to a noble man, a speech by "Ship" was always something to listen to.

A workingman, and a workingman's son, he never rose out of his class but remained intimately identified with his fellow workers to the end of his death. Workingmen loved him, whether they were his fellow

Jewish tailors or Irish plumbers. He spoke their language, and they understood him. His humanity was real. It was his very being.

This is not the occasion to recount individual incidents of his devotion and his heroism—and they were many; there is room here merely to recount the fact that with his frail, often ailing body, he faced all enemies with the courage of a hero, regardless of cost to himself.

Those who watched him during his three terms in the New York Legislature will never forget the lone fight he waged against the "blatant five"—Governor Whitman's militarist bills—when he stood alone in the 1916 Legislature; nor the don-like courage he showed, together with his colleague, the late Joseph A. Whitehorn, in the 1917 legislature, when the "patrick" was howling for blood; nor the courage he showed when accompanied by nine comrades—of whom the writer of this tribute was one—in the 1918 legislature.

He knew our enemies were thirsting for blood, and that nothing would suit them better than to commit violence upon him. He knew they hated him, although in their hearts they had to admire him. He knew he stood with his comrades far from the source of Socialist strength of New York City when reactionaries seriously proposed that restaurants and hotels refuse to serve the Socialists; he knew his—and our—danger when the rasqually ex-hatender and prize-fighter Martin G. McGuire openly incited to lynching. But his courage never failed and his temper was never ruffled. He was a great leader.

His work in the labor movement is another story that has never been fully told, but it is safe to say that he set a standard of lofty idealism and unselfish devotion that may well stand forever as an inspiration to labor leaders everywhere.

Shiplacoff stood at the very peak. No one could impeach his sincerity, his honesty, his intrepidity, his courage. He was a great son, a great Socialist, a great leader of workers. A. J. Shiplacoff was a man, and it will be long before his like will be seen again.

He sleeps today out in Mount Carmel beside his old teacher, B. Feigenbaum, who had for him the affection of a father for a beloved son, and near Ben Schlesinger, Meyer London, Max Pine, Vladimir Medem, and other great heroes of the Socialist and labor movement. May we who have inherited from him the sad word he left too soon, be worthy of the legacy of inspiration they have left for us!

GEORGE KIRKPATRICK

He has been taken from us. Three weeks after his 70th birthday, George R. Kirkpatrick is taken from us. It is a hard blow to his friends, and his passing leaves a gap in the ranks of democracy that cannot easily be filled.

Years Kirk never seemed to change. That big head, those gray eyes, that amused, quizzical look, and that great shock of iron-gray hair were the signs of a man who never seemed to grow old. Then, in recent years, he grew white. The last time I saw him was at the tragic Detroit convention three years ago. He was the same old Kirk, he had the same fire, he had the same affectionate greetings for his old friends, but he seemed subdued. The magnitude of the tragedy that was overwhelming the party to which he had given thirty years of his life, the arrogance of those who had determined to rule and ruin that to which he had devoted all his great abilities and matchless energies had their effect upon him.

Many fine speeches were made in opposition to the insane Declaration that seemed deliberately designed to destroy our party, but Kirk's was one of the most effective. There stood the old lion of Socialism, his hair snow-white, the fire in him as of the many years of the past; and earnestly and why he warned of the inevitable catastrophe that would come if the plans of the self-appointed saviors of the party were carried out. He was serious, grave; he was magnificent. He lost—we lost and Socialism lost. But he went back to California to carry on, and in his last great campaign he ran for U. S. Senator in the Golden State and polled a record vote of 110,000, while one of the "saviors of Socialism," running for Governor, had to be content with 3,500.

George Ross Kirkpatrick, born in Ohio on February 24, 1867, was one of the many men who came out of academic life to devote himself to our cause; but he was one of the few to stick. Long ago the Socialists forgot to refer to him as Professor, although for many years he was a college instructor. When he joined the Socialist ranks he put everything else behind him and gave his whole being to Socialist education and propaganda.

Kirk was one of the most effective propagandists we ever had, for he combined deep thought and study with the fire of the soul. Unlike too many of the agitators we have had, his propaganda was always fortified with knowledge; no matter how fiery a speech might have been, it was always in effect a lecture based on deep study. There was substance behind every speech he made.

His best-known book is, of course, "War: What For?" It is possible that in time that magnificent book will be remembered as one of the really

great works of the spirit in American history. Written and widely circulated before the outbreak of the World War, it had an important influence on the American people. It struck with sledge-hammer blows, it marshaled facts and figures, seasoned them with irony and fierce earnestness, and laid the emphasis on its facts and figures that it would be a truly better book today if it had heeded

its own propaganda books. "Mental Dynamics," "Think Or Surrender," and the rest, were equally effective.

It is characteristic of Kirk that his campaign for Vice-President in 1912 was only a episode in his career. He waged a fine campaign, and he came to be known to thousands of thousands of workers, but he worked for Socialism before 1912, and when the years were over he carried the

Kirk was a real old soul. His greeting: "How do you, Old Socialism?" was the heart. To last Socialist comradeship was ever young, and gave his all for it. Never an office man, when the moment required it he went into the National Office and served briefly as National Secretary, holding the fort until one of the "newer" element, in the person of Clara Senior, came in to "show the tired and bankrupt old-timers how to run an office and build up a party." Then he went out to California with his wife, who had been there for 12 years, and he carried on his work for democratic Socialism.

The Social Democratic movement will miss Comrade Kirkpatrick. But the Socialists who knew and loved him will miss him even more. He takes his place in our pantheon with Debs and Hight, with Berger and Hanford, with Mailly and Jonas, with London and Shiplacoff, with Barnes and Branstetter. He will not be forgotten. His work lives on.

THE TRIANGLE SLAUGHTER

On March 25, 1911, the great Triangle fire occurred. It was the most startling industrial accident in the history of the city. The Triangle, owned by Harris and Blanck, proprietors, was an open shop, and many stories were told of the unusually bad treatment of the girls employed there.

On the day after the fire *The Call* came out in mourning; there were reversed rules between the columns, and a heavy black band around the masthead on the first page. It was a memorial service, and the ghastly and gruesome aspect of the paper itself struck one with the horror of the catastrophe.

It was *The Call* alone of all the English newspapers of the city that had the courage to fight the fight that naturally arose out of the fire. The capitalist newspapers kept their ears to the ground with the capitalists, those who had been lost. Capitalist newspapers supported a demand for better fire laws.

But *The Call* alone called the spade a spade. The day after the news of the holocaust had frozen the city with horror, *The Call* carried an editorial entitled, "Murder and Nothing Else But Murder." The first page that day had the striking cartoon by John Sloan that became famous, called "The Triangle." It was a great triangle, with its sides labeled "Rent, Profit; Interest." On one side leaned a grinning skeleton; on the other, a fat profiteer, and in the center lay the body of a dead girl, with smoking stumps about her. That cartoon did more to enact fairly good fire protection laws than any other agency.

At the top of the page that day was the great black legend: "How long will the workers permit themselves to be burned as well as enslaved in their shops?"

The next day there was another Triangle cartoon, the triangle this time being formed of a pile of human skulls. There were stories of how the waist shop officials fought to place the blame for their remissness upon the city officials. The next day there was a cartoon, "The mark on the pay envelope," a skeleton surrounded by smoke making a dollar, and on the top of the page, "What are the workers going to do about it?" And so, day after day, *The Call* hammered away at the waist bosses and their responsibility for the fire.

The result was not the legal action, nor the reprisals that were expected. The city fire officers of the Triangle West Company tried to buy *The Call*.

A contract for an advertisement was offered and a check for \$250,000 was to be printed in the "ad" except the fact that there was such a

firm as Harris & Blank. *The Call* printed a picture of the contract and the check, and contemptuously sent them back.

And at that time, as at all other times, a sum like \$250 was not to be despised in the always pinched office of *The Call*.

The Call has fought many battles for the workers, and the enemies of the workers have tried many ways of winning *The Call*. Sometimes it has attempted bribery and graft. Sometimes it has been a more subtle means. Sometimes, as was the case in the summer of 1912, *The Call* was a tool of advertising by the United States Shipping Board. In the return would have been money desperately needed for *The Call*, but which was peremptorily rejected. Sometimes, as during the case of the milk drivers' strike, *The Call* refused to take advertisements of the milk companies.

But in all the years of *The Call's* history, there never was an issue so direct so straightforward as it had in the summer of 1912.

It was a scab ship, that had fought the union in the great strike a year before and that had not settled.

It was due to criminal carelessness, due to eagerness to save a few dollars, that the work was stopped and the ship was lost.

The 147 victims were the direct victims of capitalist greed, unwarmed by any other elements, and *The Call* saw so in editorial a territorial cartoon after cartoon, and while the other papers were weeping bitter tears over the families of the lost girls, while their attitude was, 'What a Dreadful Pity!' *The Call* issued no words and called it what it was—murder.

That story is one of the chapters in the history of *The Call* of which *The Call's* great family will always be proud.

ABOUT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

It now appears that Christopher Columbus reached the continent that is now known as America on a voyage prior to 1492 that was planned and not an Indian as has hitherto been supposed, and that he was something of a professional pirate.

These startling tidings—a little late, of course, but still hot news—were first lectured in Hamburg by a Peruvian professor, who has been spending a good deal of time delving in the archives in Madrid.

There is in the Spanish capital an institution known as the *Casa de las Indias*, the House of the Indies in which millions of documents are filed and will continue to be many years to be an almost inexhaustible storehouse for historical research. During the three hundred and more that Spain controlled a vast colonial empire reports from and abroad, negotiations with cartages, accounts and all papers were filed there. They are badly and soiled, but they are a gold mine of historians.

It is therefore for scholars to dig and dig and dig and then to bring forth the world's startling information.

Professor Luis Ulloa of Lima, lecturing before the Americanist conference in Hamburg, said that Columbus was a Catalonian Corsair who had revolted against King Juan II of Aragon and joined a group of Corsairs who reached America step by step, via Ireland, Greenland and Newfoundland, and that he sailed down the coast as far as Florida. Later he sold his idea to Ferdinand and Isabella and sailed for them.

It is exceedingly interesting—if true. But there is no reason to believe it might very easily be true. There has been so much darkness in the life of the Great Admiral that any plausible story is worth listening to.

The very date and birthplace of Columbus are not certainly known. It is generally believed that he was born in Genoa in 1435, 1446 or 1451, that he was a woolcomber, that he sailed on the wharfs and acquired a love of the sea, that he became a sailor and then a map-maker, and that when he saw his great vision he peddled the idea of a voyage across the Atlantic to one king after another, finally wearing down the resistance of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, of Castile and Aragon. From 1492 there is no more mystery in the life of the Discoverer. He had a great name, many enemies, a large family and enormous wealth, and he passed on his nobility to his descendants. He became the Viceroy and Governor of the Indies with more than regal powers, and when his son

BECAUSE OF A NAIL

BECAUSE of a nail, the story goes, the shoe was lost. Because of the shoe the rider was lost, because of the rider the battle was lost because of the battle the cause was lost. Because of the cause the kingdom was lost. A news story 154 years old comes from London by a roundabout way that because of a nail the Revolution was won and we are a free and independent people. It is not, of course, as simple as that, but it has the general idea.

As everyone knows, in the summer of 1777 a British army was marching down from Canada with the object of meeting at Albany a British army that was to march up from New York. With the junction of the armies of Sir John Burgoyne and of Sir Henry Clinton the States of New England would have been completely cut off from the rest of the struggling nation and it would have been impossible for the revolutionists to go on. It was a perfect military plan for the ending of the rebellion.

Washington had been compelled to abandon New York the year before and after the terrible retreat across New Jersey, a dark moment in our history illumined only by the brilliant victories of Trenton and Princeton, he was engaged in a stubborn defense of Philadelphia, the capital of the rudimentary nation.

Sir William Howe attacked Washington in August, 1777 and defeated him at Brandywine and Germantown and entered the city, ousting Washington. Washington thereupon took up quarters at Valley Forge where the darkest winter of the revolution was spent by the starving and freezing army.

While Howe successfully engaged Washington and the main American army, the British War Office provided for a northward march up the Hudson by a force under Clinton for the Albany junction. New York could easily be held with most of the American forces otherwise engaged and the plan miscarried.

Burgoyne proceeded southward. His men in heavy rain and order, heavily equipped, carrying heavy muskets and wearing tall breeches as they cut their way at the rate of a mile a day through the dense and tangled woods. The Americans fought in their shirtsleeves, chopping down trees before the slowly advancing British. On a Vermont John Stark warned a party of Hessian rangers under Col. Baum, and at Oriskany the rugged German settlers were victorious under their brave leader, General Nicholas Herkimer, and held the Mohawk Valley open to the Americans. Thus Burgoyne's two wings were smashed, and driven upon the main column of the advancing host.

In front of Burgoyne was an army under General Philip Schuyler, headed by the man who might be called America's Bravest of the Brave—Benedict Arnold, who fought like a tiger for the country he sought to betray a brief year later.

Burgoyne, slowly moving forward, confidently expected the forces of Clinton to attack the Schuyler-Arnold forces in the rear and thus effect a junction. But Clinton never came; he was thoroughly enjoying a delightful summer in New York and with the wealthy Tories of the pleasant Westchester countryside, wholly oblivious of the fact that he was supposed to be in the field.

The British were halted at Stillwater, at Bemus Heights and at Saratoga, and (now under General Horatio Gates), the Americans won their first great victory of the war, compelling Burgoyne to surrender and turning the tide of the revolution.

Clinton had retreated northward and had not reached the junction. He had attacked the Americans from the rear and had won a victory. He would have been in a position to have captured the British army and to have compelled them to surrender. But he did not. He was not a British colonial, part of the same dominion as Canada.

But as things turned out the Americans were heartened and the British discouraged. The latter offered the colonists peace with all their demands of 1774 and 1775 completely granted. But the colonists having declared themselves Free and Independent States, would have none of it, and held out for complete victory—which they would never have been able to win if it were not for an indirect result of the failure of Clinton to march to meet Burgoyne.

Benjamin Franklin was Ambassador in Paris and when he heard of the great victory he argued so persuasively with the King's ministers that the American cause was bound to prevail that France declared war upon Great Britain, and placed resources of men and money at the disposal of the patriots on so lavish a scale that they finally turned the tide. For it is admitted now that if it had not been for French intervention the revolution would have been a lost cause; and if it had not been for the victory at Saratoga the French could not have been induced to intervene; and if Clinton had not failed to march up the Hudson Saratoga could not have been won.

Why, then, did Clinton stay home and leave Burgoyne alone to toss away the great American empire of the British king? The answer is that the dispatch to General Howe ordering him to go himself or send Clinton to support Burgoyne was never sent. Somebody simply forgot to send it. The attack on Philadelphia was his own idea.

In "The Devil's Disciple," Bernard Shaw has Burgoyne say that "some gentleman in London" forgot to send Howe his orders. Shaw only guessed that that was the reason "Gentleman Johnny" was left unsupported, but now it is known that that is just what happened.

Papers just made public prove that interesting point. William Knox, Permanent Under-Secretary of the British Colonial office from 1770 to 1782, kept a memorandum that told what happened on a certain day,

which has just come to light. Letters had been prepared to be sent to Burgoyne to march southward and to Howe to march or to send Clinton northward. Lord Sackville, later Lord Germaine, was about to sign the preparatory to having for a weekend in the country. He had signed the letter to Burgoyne and was about to leave. The letter to Howe was not ready. Knox told him about it and Sackville said he would prepare a few lines at once, when one D'Oyly, secretary in the War Office with whom Sackville was going on the weekend, protested that his horses were waiting and urged his lordship proceed at once. The weekend date was kept, the horses were not kept waiting and Howe did not get his instructions and we are a free and independent nation and the history of the world was changed.

All of which means exactly what it means. Suppose, for example, your mother and father had never met?

OUR SACRED CONSTITUTION

SEPTEMBER 17th is the 148th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, and the day has been seized upon by our reactionaries to make statements upon that sacred document. Indeed, Constitution Day has been set aside as the occasion for an attack all along the line upon all thoughts, all ideas and all political convictions more recent than 1787. It will be a field day for the Grass Rooters and the reactionaries of all complexions.

Ever since the Senatorial debates participated in by Daniel Webster there has been a tendency to exalt the Constitution as a sacred instrument, by a name less divine than Holy Writ, to criticize which is sacrilege. It has urged our reactionaries to take that position, and today it appears that they are planning to use the Constitution as their major plank in their campaign to win America back to the good old idealism of Hoover, Coolidge and Harding.

And this is as good a time as any to recall that the Constitution grew out of the times in which it was drafted, that a large portion of it is obsolete and an even larger portion has become a dead weight. That at the time it was adopted it was known to be a compromise between the best that could be secured in the face of conflicting political and economic interests, and that no one expected that it would be elevated into a sacred document, the core of what has become almost a state religion.

It will come as a surprise to worshippers of the Constitution to learn that the Constitution as adopted by the Convention September 17th, 1787, was only a set of amendments to an earlier constitution, signed by the Continental Congress, and that when it was put into operation by George Washington, elected President, it was at least technically *not* fully in operation. For these things matter very much, except to give point to the fact that the Constitution was a result of conditions and circumstances of a very far time, that the times were changing rapidly, that it was signed by a group of men so required the written confirmation of that day was secured without a tear and without a blast from Grass Rooters of that time.

It is well that the American workers know these facts, in order not to be moved by the lachrymose piety of reactionaries like Borah, for example, who has so often flooded the floor of the Senate chamber with tears for the downtrodden and oppressed, wishing he could do something for them if only the letter of the Constitution permitted.

In 1781 the Articles of Confederation and *Perpetual Union*, commonly referred to then as the Constitution, was adopted and put into operation. Within a short time it was realized that it was an unworkable instrument and that under it there were 13 autonomous nations rather than a unified

state. Especially did the merchants and manufacturers of that time feel the lack of a centralized government and of a unified set of tariff laws, currency legislation and other laws affecting business.

Merchants of Virginia and Maryland met in Mount Vernon in 1786 as guests of General Washington to discuss what could be done to safeguard their own interests. They there decided that a national conference should be held and through their powerful influence induced a number of state legislatures to send delegates to a convention that met in Annapolis in 1786; five states were there represented.

The most active delegate was Alexander Hamilton of New York. Under his leadership the convention decided that the time had come to amend the Constitution. But the Articles of Confederation were so far from being adequate to the exigencies of the time that it was decided that the Articles had become so obsolete that amendments could be proposed only by Congress (The Second Continental Congress was a national assembly ratified by all the state legislatures).

Hamilton thereupon proposed that all state legislatures elect delegates to a convention to meet in Philadelphia the following May, there to propose amendments to be sent to Congress. Congress accepted them; they were to be referred to the state legislatures. The legislatures elected the delegates, therefore, to draw and amend the Constitution, and to elect a President of the same.

When the convention met on May 5th, 1787, General Washington was elected President, and it was promptly voted to hold sessions in secret and to destroy all the records at the close of the sessions. What we know about that convention comes from the notes taken for his own use by James Madison, later published by the Government. Only 11 states sent delegates.

The delegates decided at the outset to throw the Articles into the waste basket, and to draw up an entirely new constitution. Thereupon two New York delegates, Yates and Lansing withdrew, refusing to have anything further to do with the business, and Hamilton spoke and he signed upon behalf of the state. Other delegates, like Luther Martin of Maryland, likewise opposed everything that was done there.

But the main body of delegates over whom Washington presided with dignity, went to work. Three "plans" were submitted. The "Virginia plan," drawn up by Madison and presented by Edmund Randolph, formed the basis of the Constitution that was finally adopted. Hamilton presented his plan that provided for a strongly centralized monarchy, and William Patterson of New Jersey likewise presented a plan.

With modifications, largely influenced by Hamilton, the "Virginia plan" was adopted. The Senate was placed outside the influence of "popular passions," the President was removed as far as possible from popular influence, and according to Gouverneur Morris, who was a Committee on Style, they wrote the Constitution the sections on the Judiciary were made purposely vague.

The Constitution—which, it must be remembered, was to be only a set of suggested amendments later to be adopted—its own by Congress—provided that it could be in force as soon as nine states ratified. This was clearly in violation of the provision requiring unanimous ratification

of amendments. But no one paid any attention to that; the delegates could see the original parchment with the 55 signatures in the Library of Congress today), Secretary William Jackson burned the books, papers, and the document was sent over to Congress.

On the storm broke. Several states ratified at once; only a threat by the merchants of New York City to secede from the state, organize a new one, and ratify independently brought the New York legislature into line. Finally General Washington was elected President of a nation of thirteen states, two having failed to ratify until after his election.

The Constitution as it stands and is worshiped today contains many provisions, such as provisions regulating the slave trade, the fugitive law, a section referring to piracy, and another allowing representation to slave-holding states by counting all slaves, taking three-fifths of the number and to be added to the number of free people. Further, the provision for the election of the President became obsolete within eight years; and twenty-one amendments have likewise made other sections obsolete.

IT SHOULD BE A PRIVATE MATTER

ONLY about 120 boys and girls have enrolled for classes in Bible instruction, out of the 12,000 students in two high schools circularized by the Greater New York Interfaith Committee.

It has been a surprise to many people that the project of conducting classes in religion in connection with the school system was met with such insignificant effective response. Indeed, immediately after the first attempt was made to start the Regents' report was being prepared, a Bible study class was started at the same time, and the only reason for its failure was the failure of the school system to give it the effect of a part of the curriculum of the public school. It is "spiritually illiterate," meaning not affiliated with any organized church.

Immediately protest on the part of representatives of educational bodies, civil organizations and religious bodies rose, and such magnitude that the City Superintendent of Schools dropped the project with great celerity.

And yet all that was proposed was that the classes in Bible study prepared by the Interfaith Committee be conducted in the schools, and conducted in places outside the school buildings, and that Regents' report be given for them.

It was felt by the exponents of the plan that there could be no objection to organizing the instruction on an interdenominational basis. That is, since the classes were to be conducted by a committee composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, no one could possibly find fault with the plan.

It is our opinion that religion is about the most private matter in the world, and that the State has no business when it takes any part in religious life except to protect citizens in the free exercise of worship. We believe that when a modern enlightened State has attempted such protection to deniers of any faith, it has done its full duty. It can do no less. It must do no more.

We believe that by establishing classes in Bible study, we encourage them on a saving Roads each for them or in any way giving such study effect and recognition, thus placing the educational authorities are violating the spirit of separation of Church and State; and incidentally, doing no good to the cause of religion among a free people.

For some time school children have been allowed a little time off for

religious instruction outside the school. Some teachers merely excuse those children whose parents want them to attend such classes once a week for half an hour. Others have been known to ask their pupils: "What are you, Catholic, Protestant or Jew?" and then to register the pupils' replies, then they send them away once a week. We have heard of one such teacher who insisted that the pupils go off to Bible class, scolding them and saying that they would not go to heaven if they did not go.

In our opinion, that sort of tactics is as offensive as the statement about "spiritual illiteracy," for those who say such things take sides in a religious matter—something that should be intolerable for an agent of the government in a secular State.

The United States was founded on the principle of the separation of Church and State and the absolute liberty of conscience. That is why the Presidential oath prescribed by the Constitution provides that the incoming executive may swear or affirm, as he chooses. Members of all faiths and of no faith have equal civil rights; there are no civil disabilities of any kind.

In Brooklyn there is a large Syrian population, and there are Mohammedan communities not far from the city. The Christian Scientists have many members and many churches, and the Quakers are influential everywhere. The Catholics are most numerous hereabouts, and the Protestants are grouped in many denominations, differing in their forms of worship. Jewish worshippers are organized in Orthodox congregations, Reformed congregations, Free Synagogues. They meet in beautiful temples, in Jewish centers, in lecture halls, in hotel ballrooms, and often even in empty stores. They differ widely in practice and methods.

And finally there are many thousands—possibly even hundreds of thousands—of people who are either passively non-religious or actively and avowedly agnostic.

Every one of those groups entitled to precisely the same deal by the State. It is not written anywhere that all religions are equal before the State but that those who have no religion stand a little lower than those who have. For if such a stand were the official position of the State it would be but a step to choose as between the various religions and to declare one as standing a little higher than others. And that would be but a step from the designation of an official religion—which is intolerable to those who uphold the American ideal of a strictly secular State.

Today we read of religious troubles in two countries, where the difficulties arise largely from the fact that there has hitherto been one faith recognized as having higher standing than others.

Indeed in Spain up to the time of the recent revolution no religion was permitted to be an official religion except the one official faith. And as a result those who exercised freedom of conscience (which is the fundamental basis of the American religious policy) were placed in a equally unfavorable position, and in winning for the rulers. For if such are taken as a matter of course in other countries there was necessarily

a good deal of friction, and as a consequence, riots and the burning of churches.

The American way is the right way. No State has a right to decide which faith is the correct one, or that any faith is better than no religious belief whatever. No State has a right to decide that belief in any faith is "moral literacy," or that failure to hold any conventional religious belief or to belong to any recognized sect is in any way to be considered a moral obliquity.

The American way, which is now the way of Great Britain, France, and other civilized countries, is after all the only sound way. Everybody's religion is the right one for himself. No one has the right to interfere with the free and fullest practice of that religion, or to impose his own or any religion at all on anyone else. That point, we fervently hope, will be confirmed by this country and extended in all countries. That is the only solution of a problem that still troubles mankind after centuries of anguish.

A SHORTER WORKING DAY

DIPPING casually into a recent issue of our favorite periodical, the Congressional Record, we note a speech by an Ohio statesman on the six-hour day, printed as an "extension of remarks."

The speech itself was brief, and we cannot find anything new in it or anything particularly worthy of consideration. But the subject of the speech interests us, especially the fact that there is and has been ever since the industries of the world were struck by a blight a serious discussion of the possibility of establishing a shorter working day as a regular part of the industrial system.

What is involved is not merely a matter of an eight-hour or a seven-hour or a six-hour day. Indeed, as we see it, the actual length of the working day for any one industry, or all industries, is not the main concern of economists. What is involved is the question of how the benefits of modern industrialism are to be spread around for all.

There was a time when employers were bitterly opposed to even a ten-hour day. Indeed, when the modern labor movement got under way the leadership of Samuel Gompers as such was a demand for an eight-hour day; the figure 8 appeared on its banners and transparencies in Labor Day parades, and it was a long time before the eight-hour day was accepted even in principle.

The more reactionary employers were in the habit of saying that if a six-hour day were established the workers would not know what to do with their time, that they would spend their evenings in the saloons and in dissipation. Indeed that was not always true, and the very last current by-product of this is a question of the hours of labor in arms to build the six-hour work in steel mills.

Of course from the time that a modern employer it is a common problem. Each employer wants to get the most out of his plant, to get the most out of his workers, and to get the most out of his money. He is quite ready to say that they are responsible for the welfare of the community, and considering that their own interests are very quite good, he is quite ready to say that he will do all that he can for his employees.

No employer of labor, not even the iron and steel companies, employ enough men to be able alone to affect the entire labor situation. If the great railroad and the steel companies were to cut down working day to six hours or even to five hours they would automatically create jobs for a larger number of men, but it is not enough to affect the labor situation in the country as a whole.

The hours-of-labor problem can be settled in only two ways. One of them is in each individual case, by the action of the employees of each

employer, winning the shortest hours and the highest wages possible in each separate and individual case. But in that event the hours won in each case are vitally affected by the hours labored by employees of other firms. If one firm can get employees to work ten hours a day it is at an advantage over competitors whose workers have won an eight-hour day. The situation is acute in the textile industry, where the New England mills must compete with mills located in Southern States where labor organization is still in a primitive stage.

Still there is a pressing need for some adjustment of the whole matter of hours of labor, a need that cannot be satisfied by individual workers in shop after shop, or even industry after industry.

The root of the trouble is not so much that labor has become too inefficient and ineffective that distress results. One striking characteristic of the present industrial distress is the fact that people are suffering because there is too much. With millions of men out of work and thousands tramping the streets bugging the price of a cup of coffee, the Brazilian government has found it necessary to dump millions of pounds of coffee into the sea to keep up the price. The over-production of wheat, cotton, oil and other basic commodities has added to the distress of a situation in which millions of people have lost their jobs, or are in fear of losing their jobs, thus making it impossible for them to buy back the stock of goods they and their fellow-workers have made. And factories are closed and employment is barred to millions because they have piled up such huge stocks of goods that for the moment they cannot be sold to the people who made them and are suffering for want of them.

The difficulty lies largely in the fact that American labor, under efficient direction, has become too efficient. The swift speed with which an Empire State building is erected, the high-pressure efficiency displayed in mass-production of automobiles, the installation of countless labor-saving devices and machines have often done more harm than good.

When labor-saving devices are installed in a household, when a housewife gets the use of a vacuum cleaner, a garbage incinerator, a dish washing machine or an electric refrigerator it is wholly a benefit, for she is emancipated from drudgery and has more time for herself, her family and her friends. No one ever dreams of discharging a wife because machinery can do her work for her. But millions of men—and the whole country—are suffering today because labor-saving machinery and efficiency in industry have made the labor of millions superfluous.

No one in his right mind suggests that American labor adopt the method of "Luddism," the slowing-up process deliberately adopted by many British workers at the moment that the introduction of machinery threatened their jobs. No one in his right mind would suggest that labor-saving devices be scrapped because the result of their installation, as things now work out, is distress. No one would restore the hand-press to create jobs, or go back to hand-set type because the linotype machine is so efficient. But many of the principles that have guided the machine was installed. No one would justify a smashing of the machines, as infuriated English workmen smashed machines at the beginning of the industrial revolution because they saw in the machine their enemy.

Sane and intelligent people want to see as much labor-saving machine

as possible, as many devices for efficiency, as much mass-production as possible. But they do not like the idea that such efficiency deprives human beings of their jobs and causes distress instead of rejoicing.

On the theory that a general scaling down of the working day to give work to all would spread the benefits of machinery, would benefit not only industry as a whole but the working people who do the world's work, here is this movement for a radically curtailed working day. If it comes about, and if it is a successful innovation, it will be time enough to discuss what people will do with their new leisure.

TO RELIEVE DISTRESS

AT THE MOMENT that Governor Roosevelt is asking for a fund of \$20,000,000 for unemployment relief in New York State alone, are suggesting that the State income tax be jacked up 50 per cent to raise the money for his plan, the financial experts are alarmed at the fact that there is too much coffee and that the price of coffee is likely to go down. They have announced that large quantities of the fragrant bean, neatly done up in burlap sacks, are going to be dumped into the turbulent Atlantic.

The people of Brazil, dependent very largely upon the coffee bean for their well-being, feel that when the price of coffee is low they are badly off, but that when the price of coffee is high they will prosper. That the rest of the inmates of this mundane sphere will have to pay the price in higher prices for coffee is a detail that may possibly annoy them, but that is not particularly relevant to them.

The cotton planters of Louisiana, distressed at the fact that the glut of cotton has driven down the price of that most necessary commodity, strove to bring pressure to bear upon Hon. Huey Long, the great man who is both United States Senator from that State and its Governor at the same time. The Hon. Huey sent a message to the Legislature, and without a dissenting vote the Legislature passed a resolution looking toward the banning of the planting of cotton for one year in order that the price might stay up.

This is an improvement over the "buy a bale of cotton" movement of some years ago when people were urged to buy cotton in order to burn it. That the buyers and wearers of cotton goods must pay the price is an annoying fact that does not invalidate the plan, at least in the minds of the people who are putting it through.

The State militia of Texas and of Oklahoma, under the command of those two state-men Governors the Hon. Ross Sterling and the Hon. Alfalfa Bill Murray, who patched up their peace over oil field tolls for the occasion, was recently sent into the oil fields to stop the flow of oil and limit the output by one million barrels of oil a day.

Oil had been flowing so freely into the market that it had been so flooded with oil that the price of gas fell to nine cents a gallon, and the oil people have been complaining that the over-joy of the flood is soon to automobile owners and cities using the by-product of petroleum is a dire calamity. Hence two States are using their armed forces to keep down the supply of the fluid to keep the prices up.

In the apple regions of the State of Washington and other places millions of apples are rotting on the ground because it is too late to pick

them. Putting them into the market as would depress the price of the fruit and do injury to the apple growers. Hence the finest apples in the world have been fed to hogs.

The overproduction of wheat and the possibility of low prices for this necessary foodstuff has been considered for years as one of the problems and a good deal of the economic thought of the world has been devoted to schemes to keep down the supply of wheat and to keep the price of this necessity of life as high as possible.

All of these people—coffee-growers, cotton growers, oil men, apple-growers, wheat farmers, among others, are vitally interested in keeping up by keeping production down, or even by destroying products in existence. And sugar-growers, lumbermen, those who raise chickens, and many other concerns are concerned that people need to eat and drink and inhabit and wear feel precisely the same way.

This does not mean that the oil men are clamoring for the destruction of oil, nor that the wheat people are deliriously enthusiastic over the fact that cotton is going to be major and only scarce and costly. The oil men want dear oil and cheap coffee, cotton, sugar, wheat and apples. The apple men want dear apples and cheap oil, coffee, sugar, wheat and cotton. The cotton men want dear cotton—and cheap oil, coffee, apples, wheat and sugar.

Meanwhile, there are several million people in genuine distress. The Government wants to spend \$20,000,000 on them and plans for the expenditure of sums up to five billions are proposed for the relief of the millions who are facing a terrible winter. Millions of people who have jobs, whose jobs have not yet been cut, are nevertheless in anguished fear that they will be the next, or that some members of their families might be tossed out of jobs.

There is too much coffee; there are too much oil and wheat and sugar and cotton and fruit, and too many people who need them and have no money to buy them.

Might it not be suggested that the surplus coffee, instead of being dumped into the ocean, might be given to men tramping the streets who will eat and hunker up the winter? That the apples be fed to unemployed and of to the hogs? That the cotton be employed to clothe people who are in distress rather than burned or forcibly kept from growing?

Such a plan sounds like charity, but the men who have no jobs are often compelled to do and to do in some form of charity anyway. And such a plan might easily employ a goodly number of unemployed men in administering a far-reaching plan like this, who could be paid out of the huge sums being raised for relief. And such a plan, merely changing perfectly good stuff from being converted into garbage, might easily be the push that will start the ball of industry rolling again.

It may sound fantastic to propose this sort of salvaging but it is even more fantastic that in a period when millions are facing the future with the old fear gripping their hearts that they may not have enough to live on,

industries, States and nations are systematically setting out to destroy things because there are too many of the things that make life possible.

It is merely suggested that some control be made; it is merely suggested that industry be treated as one single whole—that the interests of producers and consumers, coffee-growers and button-hole makers, oil men and apple men be considered as one—which they are.

The only alternative is to consider the world made up of little separate groups, each hostile to every other. And the result looks a little insane.

SLASHING WAGES

THE United States Steel Corporation has announced a wage-cut of ten per cent, effective October 1st, affecting close to a quarter of a million employees. Bethlehem Steel will do exactly the same thing with a similar "downward revision" of wages. The House of Representatives (all wage cuts) affecting all firms, and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company has ordered a corresponding cut. The General Motors "readjustment" effective October 1st, ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. Similar cuts are being announced almost hourly.

These corporations are not corner peanut peddlers trying to make ends meet by cutting wages. They are great business concerns. They do business measured in billions, and during the war and the boom years that followed, the profits of the first three were measured in hundreds of millions annually. They also shared in the generosity of the Treasury some years ago when many millions were passed out in income tax refunds.

Business may not be so very good at the moment, but by no stretch of the imagination can these corporations be considered in actual need of the sums of money to be saved by the "downward revisions" and "readjustments" in the compensation of salaried employees to keep afloat and their managers from the poorhouse.

As we see it, these wage-cuts are to be considered as the establishment of a policy. For a long time there has been discussion of the possibility of a general lowering of wage standards. It has been held by many people that the way to do this was by labor unions to meet the rising cost of living in the "easy money days" of the twenties, the wages were too high, and depression was the result. Of course, when wages began going up, wages rose as fast as the cost of living, and they continued to rise. There was no such easy assumption of industrialists that wages would have to be "revised" and "adjusted" upward as there is now that they must be "revised" and "adjusted" downward.

Many financial commentators, discussing the long-drawn-out British crisis, point out the principal reason for Britain's woes that the industrialists have refused to adjust their wages. First of all, wages were won during and after the war when prices were sky-rocketing and the value of money was cut in half, or worse. They have held that wages must fall like all other costs, that labor must take its share of readjustment to new conditions, or even normal times.

All this is perfectly sound, if one accepts the point of view upon which it is based. But before accepting the necessity of a general wage reduction one must agree upon certain definitions.

First and most important, in our opinion, is the answer to one most important question: What is the purpose of industry? What is the objective of those who carry it on?

The object of industrial statesmanship is either to carry on industry for its own sake, or it is to create as much happiness as possible.

If the first is correct it may be likened to war. There is every human desire to make the soldiers comfortable and feed them properly, to keep them contented and dry and amused. But the prime objective of waging war is to win, and soldiers understand that they are but pawns to be tossed into a fiery furnace, there to face fire and flame, bursting shells and clouds of poison gas. Human beings only incidentally, their main purpose is to fight and win regardless of the cost to themselves.

If that is to be the accepted objective of industry, then no one has a right to object to movements toward wage reductions. If a bull-market level of wages is bad for an industry it should be scaled down. If industrial statesmanship finds that a nation whose laboring classes must upon maintaining a high standard of living is more than made to do it is right and proper that adjustments be made in that standard of living in order that the nation's finances should not suffer instead of adjusting finances and industry to keep them up.

But scaling down wage levels, moving toward a lower standard of living, is wrong if that conception be rejected.

There is the opposite point of view, according to which industry and finance and government should have as their objective the creation of the greatest possible amount of human happiness, in which industry is a means, not an end in itself.

The question may be put this way: Are payments of wages to be considered merely as operating expenses, to be kept down to the lowest possible level? If generally wages paid to labor are in the same category as prices paid for land and material and supplies, which in times of distress everyone cuts to the bone.

If the object of industrial statesmanship is merely to keep industry going, then that's all right and wages should be slashed and the standard of living lowered, as part of the general movement toward economy. But to those who think in other terms wages for labor are not in the same category as the cost of wrapping paper and electric bills and rents. Wages, it is held, represent human welfare, the only means by which men can live, and the higher the wages the better off the nation.

As national welfare depends directly upon the welfare of the people, industrial statesmen must think in terms, not of their balance sheets but of the welfare of the entire nation.

It is bad for the standard of living to slip. It is bad for masses, having once tasted decent living—electric lights, possibly a car, radios, some domestic comforts, to have those sweets snatched from them just when they have learned what they mean.

It is not fair to tell the English people that because he has surrendered \$250,000 a year out of his several millions, the cotton-mill worker already

being on the edge of starvation, must likewise sacrifice one-tenth or one-fifth of his income. It is not the same sacrifice for both of them. And it is not fair to snatch away from several hundred thousand steel workers ten per cent of their never-too-great wages just when they had commenced to live lives above the lowest slum-level just because their employers are not now making the vast profits, measured in billions, that they once made. Humanity comes before stock prices.

So runs the argument of those who believe that these wage-cuts are forerunners of a nation-wide and world-wide attempt on the part of employers to cut living standards.

Labor, they say, has officially been declared not to be a commodity. Those whose wages have been treated as if they are but so many bookkeeping items, are human beings no less than the families of those who order the wage slashes and whose standard of living is not affected in the slightest.

So run the two conflicting arguments.

THE LIBRARY

BROOKLYN is a great city in itself, with a population of close to two million people. Despite the fact that it is a consolidation of a part of a larger city, it has everything a great city should have: theatres, symphonies, museums, art galleries—everything. It is not lacking anything.

It is only when one does not look at the fact that it is a great city that one can see the lack of a library. Of course there are libraries in Brooklyn, but they are scattered in Manhattan, and the only one of any size is the Brooklyn Public Library at 100th Street. Of course there is the very fine library at the Institute of Living on the campus of the medical center. But they are not enough.

The Brooklyn Public Library is a fine building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one.

It is a good building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one. It is a good building, but it is not a great one.

Such things, alas, happen by accident. It has happened that conditions were just such that the New York Public Library at the time of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations were merged and the result was the magnificent library at 4th Avenue and 41st Street. I am afraid that our library is not so good.

Schools and colleges are almost a disgrace. When they are not they are a disgrace. They are almost a disgrace. When they are not they are a disgrace. They are almost a disgrace. When they are not they are a disgrace.

We are not, of course, but it appears that we are the victims of a most incredible inertia. There is plenty of money for such purposes in the city treasury, but the fact is that we have not the complete library that we need. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace.

It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace.

It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace. It is not a disgrace, but it is a disgrace.

new walls were finished. It is a change of plans called for the removal of the marble and the remodeling of the walls with Indiana limestone. Let us hope no one thinks they need granite or onyx.

And that is about all and if more money is not appropriated at once a lot of men will be thrown out of work and the unfinished building will stand as a monument to inertia or laziness on the part of a great community great that it is almost unbelievable.

The project for a great central library building goes back thirty-two years. In April, 1899, the Brooklyn Park Commission was delegated to recommend to the Legislature a site for a suitable central library. It was not until thirteen years later, June 5, 1912, that ground was at last broken. That was over nineteen years ago, and not a single book has found shelter in the building, not a man or woman has walked its cool marble corridors.

The site, after six years of delay, was selected in 1903. A year later the first appropriation of \$25,000 was made, and in the same year a study was made of library buildings at home and abroad, in order that when the building was finally completed Brooklyn might have the benefit of the experience of all other communities, the world over.

The plans were submitted in 1907, and the first estimate of cost was fixed at \$4,810,000 in 1908; later estimates, due to enlarged plans and increasing costs of materials and higher standards of living for workers, have risen to \$11,000,000, \$13,000,000 and even \$14,000,000.

Up to 1925 only \$1,000,000 had been appropriated. In November, 1928, the city appropriated \$1,000,000 more, the work that is going on now is on what is left of that appropriation. And there the matter rests for want of any more money.

And it is a great pity. It is, of course, a pity to see anything started and not carried through. And it is a pity to see work abandoned at a time when the men at work will find it hard to find other work. But the pity of it goes very much deeper.

A library is more than a collection of books housed in a fine marble building. It is more than stacks and catalogues and bound volumes of publications. It is more than a staff of skilled librarians and trained scholars and fine pictures and sculptures.

A library is a symbol of the fact that a community is cultured and civilized. And by the care of a community for its library, the money it spends upon it, the pride it has in it one may measure the measure of true civilization that a community has reached.

Books are more than romances, novels, poems; books are, in a real sense, the means by which we can unlock the past and the future. When the great library of Alexandria burned a man ran to Julius Caesar and said, "There burns the memory of mankind!" "Let it burn," said Caesar "It is a shameful memory."

But it is more than that. The memory of mankind teaches us how to avoid the pitfalls of the past, to meet the problems of the future. The memory of mankind is a light to guide the feet toward what is coming.

Libraries are monuments erected by communities to their own sense of dignity. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before Brooklyn will have completed that monument to itself.

PLACID WAYS

Bermuda

IT WAS in the old days of exploration that Sir George Somers was discovered and his name for the island. The name was given to the island by the first Englishman to see it, Sir George Somers, who was the first to see it. The name was given to the island by the first Englishman to see it, Sir George Somers, who was the first to see it.

In the spring Sir George built himself an open-air house with walls of the cedars so abundant here, and, naming it the Deliverance, set out for the open sea. He was away with food and good cheer, and the company of a man who had come through the jaws of a whale, a man who was described as a "sea monster" in the old days.

Sir George's house was so built with the cedars that it was a house of the cedars, and he had the house built with the cedars. The house was built with the cedars, and he had the house built with the cedars. The house was built with the cedars, and he had the house built with the cedars.

Out of the episode of the shipwreck of the men bringing blessed relief to the starving pioneers of Jamestown comes the Bermuda colony of today. But Sir George had not been the first to touch, on its coral strand, a century before the Spaniard Juan de Bermudez, had he been here.

But the British, calling the place the Somers Island, took possession and all the Spaniards got for their pains was the doubtful honor of knowing that the island was now known by the name of the Spaniard who first came here in 1515.

Within a year or two after Sir George's discovery came to be known in England some of the wonders of the island. The island was the first to be seen by the English, and the first to be seen by the English. The island was the first to be seen by the English, and the first to be seen by the English.

The man had been in the island for many days, and he had been in the island for many days. The man had been in the island for many days, and he had been in the island for many days. The man had been in the island for many days, and he had been in the island for many days.

This Shakespeare of the stage and of the court of King James heard

tales of the "Vexed Bermoothes" and of the fairyland Sir George and his men had found there. He had no play under contract at the moment, no assignment to predict the glory of the dour Scots king and his House of Stuart, such as with a quill in cheek and rogues' private some he had just completed in "Macbeth."

Will Shakespeare was in full flower of his great powers and he was nearing the end of his glorious life, although he could not know that. His mind and heart and soul were dripping with sweetness and ineffable beauty, and inspired by the tales he had heard of the Somers Islands, or of the "Vexed Bermoothes," he set down in deathless prose and ever-living verse "The Tempest," his noblest song of beauty, possibly his greatest play; certainly the play that contains his most beautiful poetry and his most magnificent imagery.

In "The Tempest" Shakespeare has Ferdinand sing to his dead father:

"Full fathom deep thy father lies"

"Of his bones are corals made" . . .

and how on earth Shakespeare knew about the coral basis of these islands is a mystery without understanding.

But we find that we are straying from the beauties and the ineffable charm of Bermuda to the greater, the more robust beauties of Shakespeare, which after all have nothing to do with this travelogue. Except that there is a cave here called Prospero's cave and that most natives know that Shakespeare immortalized their island paradise, although he knew nothing whatever about it.

Caliban's Cave is not one of the crystal caves that are on the menu of most tourists who can spare a little time from bathing—or whatever it is that brings them here. The caves are like so many in other parts of the world, but no matter, they are a marvel of nature. It is easy to describe them, and we have plenty of them in our own country, but the Crystal Cave here has marvels of its own. It is filled with water to a depth of 40 or 50 feet. The water is salt, it is not stagnant, it rises and falls with the tide and there are no fish or any other animal life, and how the water gets in has thus far eluded investigators. In the winter there are gay midnight swimming parties in it from town and hotel.

Most Americans, however, consider it one of the "What of it?" variety of marvels, something for the scientists to worry over, but why should we? Let's not hear any more about them.

There's also a place called the Devil's Hole where you can catch a lot of fish, and there's an aquarium where you can see strange, curious, horrible and most unbelievable creatures that inhabit the deeps.

But we have an aquarium back home, so why talk about that, either?

After all, Will Shakespeare was right. He never even got here, and he knew nothing about Gibbs' Hill Lighthouse and the aquarium. He did not even know from personal knowledge the charm and beauty and restfulness and peace that are found here in a land in the midst of the sea, but he sensed it from the tales of the adventurers who went back home, and that spirit of ethereal fairyland that he caught as if by magic is what we have found here and that is the memory we are taking home with us tomorrow.

LORDS OF THE UNIVERSE

"GRACIOUS!" said the man as he swabbed his streaming brow, "what fools women are! Here they go and wear the craziest kind of caps just because somebody in Paris has the idea. Where the day is a cake but one I have to go across the river and I can't go looking for a bun, an I?" Or maybe it wasn't *gracious* that he said.

The other day we were in a theatre and gazed at a picture of a famous French actor. A man in a tuxedo and a striped cravat, looking proudly across the stage with the most aristocratic hauteur possible, and in the American way of expression, you then fairly took the breath away. I imagine that every one has heard of a good deal of it, and in the same way on the look was very good, and the gesture of that is the most wonderful of the present day, and the fact is that we are working so hard every day to catch up with the fact of going over the fact of the day.

Arms were bare, shoulders were bare, backs were exposed to the electric fan, and it was perfectly manifest that the audience saw practically all the ladies had on—well, nearly all!

Each garment, however, although exactly like every other ~~garment~~ was entirely different from every other one, and the dress buyers or whoever it was the men standing around were supposed to represent, carefully noted each one and discussed its points and considered the future it would make in the Bon Ton or the Dress Shoppe back in Wichita.

"Wotta lotta dumb driven cattle women are," the men reflected as they nearly expired in the furnace-heat of the theatre, "to wear what some clever guy in Paris makes them think they have got to wear. All the gals who see these styles think they'll die if they don't get the right away" And they were right.

It was absolutely stifling. Not a breath of air was stirring. Men felt their clothes becoming warm, as if they clanked in the sun, so that their belts would strangle them. Their legs were feverish with heat, kept in by their cloth pants. We know whereof we speak for we were there.

Everywhere in the theatre padded cloth shoulders of men's touched the bare shoulders of women, the cloth sleeves of men touch the bare arms of their women companions.

As the men walked out between the acts for a blessed whiff of oxygen or of nicotine, each one swabbed his brow and saw in front of him women clad in wisps of chiffon waving in the almost imperceptible breeze with a sly leer or shoulder and breast to let him know what he had just

seen on the stage) very little more on than he could see. And to prove that women are creatures of style, the very girls who could give the men the merry ha-ha for being compelled to wear heavy clothes seemed to think they would die of shame if they exposed their naked hands—hence the white gloves to even up the lunacies.

It ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~also~~ ^{also} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~approached~~ ^{approached} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~a~~ ^a ~~ladylike~~ ^{ladylike} ~~usheress~~ ^{usheress} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~information~~ ^{information} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~such~~ ^{such} ~~brazenness~~ ^{brazenness} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~permitted~~ ^{permitted} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~a~~ ^a ~~decent~~ ^{decent} ~~theatre~~ ^{theatre}.

What we are getting at is the hope that some day there will be agreement that men are quite insane to wear what they are told to wear in the summer.

Women are slaves to style. Men have been laughing with tender and often ironic condescension at women for a long time. When the style changed short skirts fifty million knee caps sprang into view. When the style "decreed" (that, we believe, is the correct word) cloche hats fifty million heads wore the same hats year after year until somebody could dig out a new style. When the style czars ordered the long skirt there was revolt for a while but after some grumbling of insubordination down went the hem of the skirts again.

But one thing must be said with all the perspiring emphasis at the command of a suffering male—the women may be slaves to style but the men as they are slaves to do not compel them to wear clothes that are an outrage and an agony as the men do.

There is, of course, a comic aspect to the situation, but there is a serious side as well. It is comical to see the contrast between the hot, moulding, insane clothes men wear in the summer, and the light, fluffy garments that quite satisfy the girls as to style and modesty. But it is enlightening to see men, the noble lords of creation, act like so many sheep in the matter of clothing—or like so many idiots.

It may be that women are too much concerned with such things, that the cut, the color, the material, the precise mode of the garments they wear play too much of a role in their lives. But it is also true that they are governed by iron rules, too, that it appears cannot be broken, and when one contrasts the modish garments of women and of men, there is plenty of laughs for the women.

There has been, indeed, some progress in recent years. The almost universal use of the soft shirt and collar, the almost complete disappearance of the hard-boiled shirt, the iron hat, and old-fashioned long underwear, the general discarding of vest in the summer, are signs of some slight awakening.

Even the rapid disappearance of the hat in the summer is a sign that men will not wear what they are told to if they don't want to.

[illegible]

to the air without criticism, while men must wear trousers of heavy material, bound in at the waist with belts? Why a man is considered a freak if he wears his collar open at the throat? Why a man would not be allowed in an athletic undershirt on a street car full of women with arms bare to the clavicle and the scapula?

To wear mohair and other lightweight fabric is a mere cowardly evasion of the issue. To start a fad for shorts, pajamas, bathing suits or other abbreviated garments is to get oneself singled out as a freak. And yet reform is urgently needed.

Can anyone suggest a way of combating this lunacy without violating the canons of aesthetic good taste and getting oneself jailed as a freak or jugged as a crank? Such a one will win the adoring admiration of a suffering world.

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER

AS, by the way, who isn't?

It used to be said that the weather was the safest topic of conversation for people fencing for an opening before clashing in conversation in a serious way. The foregoing, it appears to us upon re-reading, is a sentence quite addled with metaphors hopelessly mixed, but if you charge it up to the weather not only will the sentence become at least partially intelligible, but it may also serve as an object lesson for the sermon we are about to preach.

To resume consideration of the weather, it can no longer be said that it is a topic for conversation so safe that it can lead only to pleasant results, or at least to no harm.

It is, of course, true that beautiful and lasting friendships are built on casual meetings that begin with a discussion of the weather.

Two men meet in an elevator of their apartment house. One lives on the seventeenth floor, the other on the nineteenth. They nod, for they have seen each other before, although neither has the slightest idea who the other is—nor does he particularly care. But having seen each other before they must nod, and having nodded, they must keep up the pretense that they are friendly acquaintances. For to admit the truth that they have no possible interest in each other is, we believe, considered a violation of the penal code or the Corpus Juris Civilis by real red-blooded American citizens.

The friendly nod having been made inevitable when they caught each other, they must nod, for it is the only way to keep the country rule to the Alpine heights in which they live.

They don't even know each others' names, they don't know whether their wives are acquainted, they don't know each other's business, neither is sure whether or not the attractive blonde matron he has been trying to become acquainted with is the wife of the other. Everything is blank. You know how it is; that is, if you live in an apartment house.

But not to say anything is un-American. Hence they start. And what is it they can start with? Why, the weather; (Silly not to have thought of that before).

"Nice day we're having?"

Yes, indeed, sir. Only I think we may have a thunderstorm before long. That is, if we don't get an earthquake first.

"Surest thing you know. You know, I always say to Mrs. Umminah all names sound like that when you're spraining your ear trying to catch

it without the un-American discourtesy of saying, 'Oh, by the way, oh top, what the 'ell did you say your name is?' that we always have an earthquake this time of the year. That is, unless it snows before Whoop-sundae."

And so on, nice and snappy and sappy and friendly and he-blonded red-man sort of stuff, until at last the seventeenth floor is reached and Mr. Ummmmmmh alights to the sigh of genuine relief heaved by his fellow-traveler. And that, he figures to himself, is that.

But it usually is not. Life being what it is, he usually meets M. Ummmmmmh the very next day, and having been so friendly before, they start off way ahead of scratch like old pals. That is, they start off like a couple of nice, friendly chaps who have much in common. But in bitter truth, they have nothing whatever in common except the fact that they had killed two unendurable and endless minutes the day before talking about the weather.

Now, what an earth can they talk about when they meet again? Why, the weather, of course!

Some day one man is going to be with his wife when he meets the other, and then there will be embarrassment when the necessary introductions have to be made. For neither knows the other's name.

Life is just full of pitfalls like that, but generally speaking the casual conversation about the weather during the elevator ascension lays a firm foundation for the sort of friendship that endures forever. And whenever the two men meet they will continue talking about the weather, for as time goes on they will find they have nothing whatever in common except the fact that they talk about the weather whenever they meet. If they started any other subject they might find that neither knows enough about anything the other may be interested in to carry on a conversation to the third floor, let alone the seventeenth. No, the weather is safest, after all.

Thus it is proven that conversation about the weather contributes to beautiful friendships.

But not always. There are times when there is no unanimity, when differences about the weather may enter the realm of angry disagreement rather than more polite chit-chat.

For example, there was the time a French politician sought the suffrages of his constituents for the *Chambre des Deputes*. His district included country and city, village and farmland, and he promised his beloved people that if elected he would give them whatever weather they wanted.

But he found soon enough that there was no rain—at the proper time, of course—while the city dwellers wanted sunshine, and they didn't care whether or not the reservoirs ran dry. The politician retired from public life, but he had no longer a subject to be trifled with.

There was also the man who was walking home in a raging winter storm. It was one of those cold raw days with a penetrating wet that froze the very marrow of one's bones with a cold seet that made the sidewalks gelid, with cold rain that slid down the back of the neck and caused

the trouser legs to hang about the limbs, cold and clammy, with shoes mashing in the wet, with every creator-condemned device to make life utterly unsupportable going at full blast.

"This weather," said the man to himself, "is what makes Bolsheviks."

And when it is hot and muggy, when the shirt adheres to the body even closer than a close friend, when the electric fan contributes nothing in the way of relief other than a monotonous, unbearable whine, when the infrequent breeze merely stirs the leaves for a moment and then leaves the world even hotter and more breathless than before, when one cannot sleep and cannot work, when the sun glares down and the streets toss back the rays of the sun, when frequent baths and libations of ice water merely aggravate the agony—then if any of the parishioners wants a good sock in the eye let him step up and ask what we think of the weather. (Although when this appears in type it will probably find the congregation enjoying lovely, crisp weather.)

tions of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

(It must be emphasized that Mark Twain was not speaking of Eugene V. Debs and Morris Hilquit and the Socialist Party in 1917 and 1918—although it might seem so from reading these words—for he died in 1910.)

In the early days of the twentieth century the Great Powers were engaged in a number of imperialist adventures; Great Britain was extinguishing the independent Boer republics in South Africa. America was employing the questionable talents of Leonard Wood in crushing the Filipinos as the united western Powers were marching on Peking to crush the Boxer rebellion. Mark Twain thereupon wrote (and did not publish) for *New Year's Eve*, 1900.

A Greeting from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century

"I bring you a stately nation named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored, from pirate raids in Kiao-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of booty and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her a towel, but hide the looking glass."

There followed a year later "The Stupendous Procession," covering twenty-two typewritten pages, but which has never been published. It describes "the Twentieth Century" as "a fair young creature, drunk and disorderly, borne in the arms of Satan. Banner with motto 'Get what you can keep what you get'."

The "Guard of Honor" consisted of "Monarchs, Presidents, Taxmen, robbers, Burglars, Land thieves, Convicts, etc."

"Christendom" was described as "A majestic matron in flowing robes drenched in blood. On her head a golden crown of thorns; impaled on her spine the bleeding heads of patriots who died for their countries: Boer Boxers, Filipinos. In one hand a sling-shot, in the other a Bible open at the text 'Do unto others.' Protruding from a pocket a bottle labeled 'We bring you the blessings of civilization.' Necklace—handcuffs and a burglar's jimmy." The ensign was the black flag "Guard of honor—Missionaries: German, French, Russian and British soldiers laden with loot."

And so on, a section for each country with symbols of its territorial aggrandizement, with black flags and instruments of torture, mutilated persons, hanging from a bloody corpse. At the end a banner: "All Men Are Born Free and Equal."

Christ died to make men holy

Christ died to make men free

There was an American flag furled and draped in crepe, with the looming shade of Lincoln brooding over the sad spectacle.

In 1905, Mark Twain wrote (and did not publish) the War Prayer, sections of which appear from time to time in the press. The whole story of the War Prayer is scarcely known even to lovers of Mark Twain and it is here presented as a contribution to the current centenary celebration.

There is a picture of young recruits about to march away to war, the excitement and enthusiasm, the flag waving and the music and cheers and the magnificent ceremony in the cathedral when the minister of God blesses the colors and utters the final invocation:

*God the all-terrible, Thou Who ordainest,
Thunder, Thy clarion and lightning Thy Sword!
And a "long prayer" for victory.*

As the prayer is ended a white-robed stranger enters the church, moves up the aisle, takes the preacher's pulpit and addresses the hushed throng:

"I come from the Throne," he says after an impressive pause, "bearing a message from Almighty God. He has heard the prayer of His servant, your shepherd, and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, have explained its full import."

The Messenger goes on to explain that the prayer for victory was but the spoken part of the prayer. The unspoken part was what God had commissioned "His servants" to utter and if they still desired the victory it would be theirs. "Upon the listening spirit of God the Father fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commanded me to put it into words. Listen!

Oh, Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle. Be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go from the sweet peace of our beloved firebrands to smite the foe.

"Oh, Lord, our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells. Be Thou near them! Help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain, help us to lay waste their humble homes with the hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unending widows with unavailing grief, help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended over wastes of their desolated land in cold and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun-flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee.

"Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimages, let them feel the agony of the wounds, let them know the hate more with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of One who is the spirit of Love and Who is the ever faithful friend and refuge of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, oh Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever. Amen."

After a pause the stranger said: "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits."

And Mark Twain added these words, "It was believed afterward that the man was a lunatic because there was no sense in what he said."

Mark told a friend that he had read the War Prayer to his daughter Jean and she told him he must not publish it, for it would be regarded as "evil." "But I told all my boys and girls," he replied. "No," I have told the whole truth in that and only dead men can tell the truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead.

Mark Twain was a great man; he will live in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" as long as men live who once were boys; he will live in other works so long as men love high adventure and high spirits. He will live in "A Connecticut Yankee" as long as men live who hate injustice and fight for liberty. He will live in "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" as long as men live who ruthlessly question their own souls and their own honesty.

But in these terrible days, when the world does honor to his memory to the awful obligato of war drums and preparations for those things that he hated with all his soul it is well for those who likewise fight for justice and liberty to remember the man who in his own heart was a revolutionist even though his closest associates prevailed upon him not to permit the world to know his innermost thoughts.

Upon one occasion it was proposed that he run for President. The idea tickled him enormously and he speculated upon the fate of a nation headed by a "humorist, peace patriot and Socialist."

And as inherent rebels against those things that soil the civilization of the Twentieth Century, whose birth he welcomed with such savage irony Socialists may add their voices to the world wide chorus of reverence for the noble soul who came into the world just a century ago.

JACK LONDON

THE youth of America had two literary idols in the brave Roosevelt days of the first decade of this century, Rudyard Kipling and Jack London. And of the two, Jack had a direct personal appeal that those who were not youths in those days can never appreciate. Jack was a real MAN, a man with muscles like steel and a stomach that could digest scrap iron, a man who lived more stories than he had time in his brief forty years of life to begin to set down.

What Rudyard Kipling had done for India Jack did for Alaska and the Klondike. When Jack began writing his amazing novels and short stories of the frozen North the Klondike was the golden land of romance, its very name was glamorous. And as the stories poured forth from his wonderfully fertile mind, making real not only the Klondike but also the turbulent Pacific, and the Road with its hobo jungles millions of men felt uneasy longings within them; Jack London had lived and written their dream life, their escape from the realities of humdrum existence.

And so it was with bosoms almost literally bursting with pride that we young Socialists of that day had claim to Jack London as one of our very own. There have been few thrills to compare with that moment in January 1906, when Jack London, newly elected President of the newly organized International Socialist Society, now the I I D, young, strong, handsome, almost unbelievably popular, stepped upon the platform of the old Grand Central Palace before a vast audience of college men and women and spoke:

"The other day I received a letter from a man in Arizona. It began, 'Dear Comrade,' and it was signed, 'Yours for the Revolution.' I answered him, and I began my letter, 'Dear Comrade,' and signed it 'Yours for the Revolution.' There are over 400,000 men in this country who begin their letters, 'Dear Comrade' . . . and so began that memorable address. And when he held out his hands and said, 'Here are our hands; they are strong hands,' it was almost too much to bear. And he ended: 'The Revolution is on its way. Stop it who can!' The whole great address is to be found in his 'Revolution and Other Essays.'

Two years before that Jack had run for Mayor of Oakland, Cal., and his race had attracted nationwide attention. There have been few celebrities who brought so much favorable publicity to the causes of Socialism.

For Jack was the sort of virile figure whose every move was good copy. His whole life was a romance and an adventure. Born on Jan. 12, 1876, in San Francisco, the son of a frontiersman, hunter and trapper, he was forced to earn a living at the age of ten peddling newspapers on the streets of

Oakland. At fifteen he was an oyster pirate on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay. At seventeen he was a deep-sea sailor on a sealer. At eighteen he was a hobo. At nineteen he was in the Klondike, failing to find much gold, but finding that which was to net him more than many bags of the finest metal—material for the stories that brought him much fame and much more money than he ever dreamed of. At twenty-six he was author of a best-selling novel of the North—"The Daughter of the Snows"—and that he entered high school, and then he did a year in the University of California. His first book, "Son of the Wolf," appeared in 1900.

But Jack has written his own life in his books. The greatest of all architects, Sir Christopher Wren, had carved on the facade of St. Paul Cathedral, "If you would see my monument, look about you." And Jack London might have written, "If you would learn about me, read my books." His boyhood is written in "Tales of the Fish Patrol", his seafaring life in "The Sea Wolf"; his hoboing in "The Road"; his Klondike experiences in "The Call of the Wild"; his adventures in London ("People of the Abyss"), war corresponding in Korea and Manchuria, ranching in California ("Valley of the Moon"), and voyaging in Hawaii, the South Sea Islands and Australia ("The Terrible Solomons" and many other stories and several books), and his life as a writer in "The Road to London" and "The Road to the Sea".

But, after all, Jack's principal adventures were struggles with his own soul, and he tells the story of his victory and defeat in his greatest novel, possibly one of the greatest of all American novels, "Martin Eden".

It would take far more space than is available for these sketches even to give an outline of Jack London's literary career. He was a brilliant writer—vivid, colorful and glamorous. He gave us a vista of many new worlds—the soft, perfumed, palm-waving coral isles of the South Sea, the tossing waves of the Pacific, the depths of the degradation of London's slums, the awful iron cold of the North. He wrote the first—and to this day the most important—American book on hoboing. He was a great interpreter of the American scene.

But Jack was also a Socialist. How did it come about? That, too, is written in his books. He had returned from his seven months' voyage in the "Heron" sealer you read about in "The Sea Wolf," and had set out gaily in "Kelley's Army," the western division of Coxey's Army, with the rank of Lieutenant, although he was but 18. It was a joyous adventure, until he crossed the Mississippi, and went it alone. He had sung the song of individualism with all his heart. He was young and healthy and he lusted for life. "Wherefore, I called the game as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very proper game for MEN . . . To adventure like a man and fight like a man, and do a man's work (even for boy's pay)—these were things that I had learned from the old men of the West."

And then, well, it was just too bad about them, but Jack didn't worry about them. "Without having read Carlyle or Kipling I formulated a gospel of work which put theirs into the shade." Then he came East and saw what it was like. "I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged

tenth,' and I was startled." He tells of his adventures as a tramp with other tramps in the part of the country in which "I battered the drag and slammed the gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening to their stories . . . And while I listened my brain began to work."

Then he swore he would climb out of The Pit if it killed him. But he was arrested as a vagrant, " nabbed by a fee-hunting constable, sentenced out of hand to thirty days' imprisonment for having no fixed abode and no visible means of support, carted down country to Buffalo, registered at the Erie County penitentiary, had my head clipped and my budding mustache shaved, was dressed in convict stripes"—and for thirty days treated like a desperate criminal—all for adventuring.

"Concerning further details deponent sayeth not, though he may hint that some of his plethoric national patriotism leaked out of the bottom of his soul somewhere—at least, since that experience he finds that he cares more for men and women and little children than the imaginary boundary lines."

By this time, Jack had come to the conclusion that he was Something. He was a Socialist—but he did not know it. "I had been reborn, but not renamed and I was running around to find out what manner of thing I was. I ran back to California and opened the books. I do not remember which ones I opened first. It is an unimportant detail, anyway. I was already It, whatever It was, and by the books I discovered that It was a Socialist."

That was all—except that there followed over twenty years of matchless services to Socialism. Jack never soft-pedaled his ideals—rather, he flaunted them. Read "Revolution"; read "The War of the Classes." And best of all, read the "Iron Heel" if you want a warning against a brutal-benevolent Capitalism of a form that we now know as Fascism—something utterly undreamed of in Jack's lifetime, but today a Goering-Hitler nightmare.

The end was sad. Jack became too popular. His stories commanded huge prices from Hearst. He bought a great ranch at Glen Ellen, Cal. He loved that ranch and he admitted that he sold his soul for it, turning out unutterable tripe to get money to enlarge the ranch, build more buildings, buy more acres and more animals. He was burning himself out. He drank too much. He became morbid. And on Nov. 22, 1916, he died; and there are some people who believe it was suicide.

EDWARD BELLAMY

ONCE a book was written that produced a new American literature that created a sensation utterly unlike that awakened by a merely sensational novel, that created a movement and that has an enormous influence even today, 46 years after it appeared.

The movement was called "Nationalism," the book was "Looking Backward," and the motto of the movement was, "Spread the Book!"

Today there is renewed interest in "Looking Backward," and its talented author, Edward Bellamy, for today it is realized that whatever progress has been made to mitigate the evils of capitalism has been along lines of Socialism; and "Looking Backward," appearing as it did in 1887, was the first important Socialist work that is wholly and completely American.

The present generation of Socialists should know something about Bellamy, because in a very real sense he and his work helped create the American Socialist movement; for "Nationalism" was an indigenous American Socialism absolutely native.

Edward Bellamy was born in Chicopee Falls, Mass., in 1850, the son of a Baptist minister and the scion of a long line of New England clergymen. He was intended for the law, and he was sent to Union College in Schenectady; but he was interested only in writing, and he did not take his degree. A year in Germany, a trip to Hawaii via Panama (this was forty years before the Canal), and a return across the American continent, gave him a rich background, and he was ready for work.

His main work was on the Springfield Union, but he also wrote for magazines and popular novels, some of them rather successful. He had a strong mystical strain, and no less a critic than William Dean Howells wrote, "The mantle of Hawthorne has fallen upon Mr. Bellamy."

There followed a quiet, studious and rather fruitful literary life, moderate success and considerable recognition in his time. He was repelled by the spotlight, and did not care for acclaim. And he was slightly disappointed at the enthusiasm evoked by the appearance of "Looking Backward."

"Looking Backward" is one of three or four of the greatest Utopian novels of Socialism, a fanciful picture of a future Socialist society. It is the story of a Bostonian who went to sleep in 1887 and awoke in the year 2000 to find himself in the Cooperative Commonwealth. He is the guest of Dr. Leete, in whose company he learns to adjust himself to the world about him, and in conversations with whom he (and the reader) learns how and why the Big Change came about.

The book is intensely interesting, it is simplicity itself, and by its very

simplicity it was readers to a feeling of the utter absurdity of present-day society and the sanity of collectivism. Curiously enough in the book written in 1887 there is a description of a device that brings one back into the future simply by the turning of a knob.

The book caught the attention of the nation. It sold half a million copies at once and was translated into all languages. Bellamy was invited to lecture everywhere; he was asked to write articles and feature stories, but he was too shy to permit himself to be publicized.

He did, however, aid in the establishment of Nationalist clubs, and in the founding of The New Nation, a weekly. And he likewise felt that "Looking Backward" was not enough. He had laid out the general outlines of the Socialist state, but the success of his book was so great he felt he had to be more explicit. Hence years of intense study of economics and history resulted in his real book, "Equality." The book is outstanding in the form of "Looking Backward," conversations between John West and Dr. Leete, but it is otherwise it is virtually a closely reasoned treatise on economics. But one of its chapters is the famous "Parable of the Water Tank" which by the way everybody ought to read today.

The work on "Equality" had undermined his health; he was attacked by tuberculosis, and so he went to Denver in 1897; on the way West he was greeted with the warmest affection by men and women who considered him a prophet of a new social order, as he was. In April he went home to die, and on May 22, 1898, he passed away, a quiet, peaceful and useful life had ended.

Meanwhile things were stirring in the world, and more and more people read "Looking Backward" and "Equality." Bellamy clubs are being founded everywhere. Dead these 35 years Bellamy is more alive today than the author of day before yesterday's best seller.

In the last days of the recent presidential campaign Socialist headquarters received a letter from Mrs. Emma G. Bellamy, widow of the author, with a contribution of the campaign fund and a letter saying, "Thank God the world, as Mr. Bellamy predicted it, is well on the way. I have faith that my six grandchildren will live in a different order of society than that in which they now exist. After 'Looking Backward' first appeared, Mr. Bellamy was regarded as a visionary and his schemes impracticable. If the people who said these things could only realize how terribly in earnest he was and how much he felt that his so-called dreams would come true, 'The Vision,' as he always referred to it, would have been advanced much sooner."

WILLIAM MORRIS

IN the British Socialism of today—the greatest and most powerful Socialist movement in the world—there are three elements, three streams, associated with the life and work of a great man. Henry M. Hyndman brought scientific Marxism to Great Britain. Keir Hardie brought the labor movement into politics and Socialist politics to the labor movement. It was William Morris who gave British Socialism its soul.

In the early pioneering days of missionary zeal, the days of J. E. Chamberlain and of other great propagators of the propaganda of Socialism, like a holy crusade. Socialist missionaries would strap a pack upon their backs and wander from village to village, there to preach Socialism. It is believed that the first Socialist mission in this country was the mission of the English people of the Land of the Socialists, the Socialism of William Morris.

"Wherefore I say unto you," wrote Morris, "that Socialism is fellowship and fellowship is life, and the lack of fellowship is death." One can catch a whiff of the flavor of old England, the England of John Ball, of Wat Tyler and of the Chartists in that propaganda. And though he is now well-nigh forty years William Morris still lives in the countless Socialist clubs in city and town and village; the spirit of William Morris breathes when hooded men and toil-worn women sing his haunting "March of the Workers."

"Tis the people marching on!"

When Morris joined the Socialist movement he gave himself wholly to its work; no task was too small for him, nothing too humble for him to do. He personally issued the *Journal of Justice*, Hyndman's Socialist weekly; he went to street corners and into the parks like the obscurest soap-boxer; he took bundles of *Justice* and peddled them on the streets. He took an active part in organization work. He lectured to audiences, large and small, wherever he could find them. He wrote splendid Socialist propaganda, one of his books, "Socialism; Its Growth and Outcome," written in collaboration with E. Belfort Bax, being a Socialist classic.

There is a picture in my mind of the great demonstration in Trafalgar Square February 8th, 1886. Many who were there have told me the story. I can see the picture in my mind's eye as though I had been there myself.

A Socialist column marched on the Square, where a meeting of Protectionists was being held. The police fearing trouble if two meetings disrupted the Square sought to divert the marchers to Hyde Park. Upon which John Burns of Battersea seized the red flag and in a voice of thunder cried upon the marchers to follow him and in the front rank and I

Hyndman, H. H. Champion, Jack Williams and Morris. It was an unforgettable picture to those who were there; Morris clad in his inevitable white blue shirt singing the Marseillaise, his noble head thrown back in defiance looking for all the world like one of the Viking rovers about whom he had written his most stirring verses. It was as if he were tingling with the joy of battle, more than half hoping that the conflict would come then and there. (And in the ranks there likewise marched a half-starved Scotsman of 19, a lad from Looe-mouth named J. Ramsay MacDonald.)

That was the period of Morris' great Socialist poetry. "The Day is Marching"; "All for the Cause"; "No Master"; "The March of the Workers"; "The Voice of Toil"—they stir the blood and cause the heart to beat faster.

In the early '90's there was a Socialist club on Berner Street, and Morris used to come there often. There was a child, son of Socialist parents, who recalls the jolly English countenance of Morris as he romped with the children, and led them singing his rousing "Down Among the Dead men":

*Come, Comrades, come your glasses clink,
Up with your hands a health to drink.*

And ending:

*There's liquor left, now let's be kind,
And drink to the rich a better mind
That when we knock upon the door
They will be off and say no more.
And he who will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!*

It was rare good fun, and I still feel the lift and the jollity of it when I hear the song played (and sing it myself, to the dismay of hearers).

There was a great period of fraternity for a while, but in 1884 there came a break. Morris led Bax, Andreas Schen and Eleanor Marx—daughter of the founder of our movement—and her husband, Dr. Edward Aveling, out of the party and organized a Socialist League. Maybe it was a personal quarrel between Morris and Hyndman; Hyndman was dictatorial and domineering and he quarreled with everybody, including Marx. Maybe it was a quarrel over methods. Hyndman says it was because of "the malignant lying of a despicable married woman, whom none of us knew well, on a purely domestic question." That's all past—it doesn't matter now, though passions boiled then.

For years there was bitterness, although from time to time there was a sort of united front on an issue like an unemployment demonstration. Morris founded and edited *Commonweal*, and his two Socialist romances appeared there, illustrated by the great Socialist artist, Walter Crane.

But the anarchists, eccentrics and plain grafters were making a good thing of Morris. They gained the upper hand in the League, they ousted Morris as *Editor of Commonweal*—which drove him to pay the bills—and they made it impossible for him to continue in the organization.

Seven years after the break Morris was supporting Hyndman's candi-

Crafts movement, and he started the revolt against ugly wall paper. Beauty and dignity in homes was something unknown to the world until he, out of his love for beauty, created it. Tens of millions of people today have attractive homes because William Morris so willed it.

Morris was also one of the greatest authorities in the world on ancient manuscripts. The librarians of the great libraries at the British Museum and the two universities unhesitatingly took his word in classifying illuminated parchments. Later he went in for artistic printing, and indeed, he was the world pioneer in that form of modern art, and his Kelmscott Press was a shrine of flowers of good printing. A Kelmscott Chaucer today is one of the most coveted items sought by collectors of rare and beautiful books.

He also went in for dyeing and weaving beautiful fabrics, hand wrought metals, and beautifully tooled leathers.

All in all, William Morris was quite a man, his was a noble career to bring beauty and dignity to the English people and the whole world enjoys its results to this day.

And Morris turned his back upon that whole career when he threw himself into the Socialist movement. His conversion was real and his devotion was genuine. His was not mere party membership while continuing his other work; when he became a Socialist everything else was set to one side, and from that time his pen was dedicated to one cause.

BERNARD SHAW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is 75 years old today and it is significant of the man that he should be spending his birthday chasing around Soviet Russia, trying to find out what it's all about.

If there is one thing about Bernard Shaw that characterizes him above all other men it is his eternal energy, his mental alertness, his curiosity, his eagerness to find out everything.

Shaw is classified as a leading British playwright; he denies the British appellation, insisting that he is Irish, and it is possible that histories of literature will pay less attention to the plays he has written than to the prefaces in which he explained what he meant by them.

Shaw is a man of infinite wit, a humorist who ranks with Mark Twain, Swift and Cervantes, but like Cervantes, Swift and Mark Twain his wit is merely a cloak to cover his deep earnestness.

It is not true that he is a clown like Pagliaccio, laughing to hide a breaking heart. It is true that he is a man of profound seriousness who insists that he wants to be known, if at all, for whatever message he has for the world, not for the laughter he brings it.

Once he said that he would gladly ride through London seated backwards on the back of an ass, clothed in motley and bells and beating a drum, if by so doing he could attract favorable attention upon the things he is interested in. And it is the opinion of very many thoughtful people that his laughter, his jocularity and his wit are merely the clown's motley to attract attention to his reflections on social and economic problems.

A man who constantly talks about himself, he is almost bashfully modest in reality. His self-praise is merely a pose, a "line" to put people into an amused and friendly state of mind toward him.

At a banquet many years ago William Dean Howells said that there has been progress in three hundred years. "Shaw," he said, "writes plays twice as good as those of Shakespeare and I write sonnets twice as long." Thereupon reading a poem of twenty-eight lines, in sonnet form, Shaw was hugely tickled but this too was merely part of the "line." He was a very young man when he was offered a peerage by his close friend Premier MacDonald, his old time Socialist comrade, but seeing no party advantage in such a step, he declined. He constantly talks about himself, but he is inherently self-effacing. And this is just another of the Shavian paradoxes.

A man's seventy-fifth birthday is no time to review his life and career; such a review should be reserved for the to-be-hoped very remote occasion of his death. Now in the full bloom of his physical and mental health, with his fame undimmed and with a whole world hanging on everything he

does and says, this is no time to summarize his career and seek an evaluation of his life.

Shaw, now considered one of the greatest English dramatists of all times, began his career as a dramatist and novelist, hoping to earn enough money at his trade to support himself while devoting himself strictly to Socialism. Nearly fifty years ago, together with Thomas Lawson, Sidney Webb, Sydney Olivier and others he organized the Fabian Society for the purpose of promoting the ideal of Socialism.

While working for the Society he met with and argued with Webb and Beatrice Potter whom Webb married, and Pease and Parnmore and others over how best to promote the cause to which they had dedicated themselves. With them was a young Socialist lad with deep eyes and burning earnestness who was glad to carry on with them, and by one of the curious twists of history that had a now Prime Minister and all the Fabians are either members of the British government or lay in the councils of the party that controls that government.

How remote all that seems today. Shaw dashing into print at the slightest provocation to confound those with whom he disagreed, MacDonald marching at the head of demonstrations of the unemployed, Webb and his wife poring over documents of the great orators writing books that today are the basis of the policy of the Empire.

Shaw was also a soap-boxer and almost every night three bearded men, carrying a soap-box, would march the great arm-in-arm to the East End or to Hyde Park where the soap-box was erected. Hyndman, great of orators and economists, William Morris, poet, artist, scholar, and Bernard Shaw, you name one of the three most obscure and most promising.

It was in this middle period when he was in his forty forties, that Shaw came to be known as an authority upon Rosen Wagner and Nietzsche. His books on those men being as thoughtful as his political and economic writings.

As the years passed, Shaw turned to the writing of plays, to which at first no one paid much attention. It was H. Granville Barker who produced them at out-of-the-way places in "a" (which meant non-profit making) theaters and who called attention to the fact that there was a great dramatist.

At first Shaw was content to write plays dealing with human emotions, laying bare the human soul. "Man and Superman," "The Plunderer," "You Never Can Tell," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Major Barbara," and "Heart and Soul" are some of his. "Candida" dealt with the problems of human beings. They were written and first produced between thirty and thirty-five years ago but they can be read today, and when they are produced today they are not "dated." They are as timeless as Shakespeare's. Greatest of all in my opinion is "Candida" in which a tender sensitive soul, crushed and crushed by the world, very much as I have experienced to Shelley had he not a sweet and understanding woman in his life.

Later Shaw undertook to study and set down all modern social as well as historical. Strange as it may seem, the manner in which the assumed resulted in plays as worthy as his earlier ones. "Arms and the

Man" laughs at Balkan diplomacy, military romanticism, glory, and war—you probably know it as "The Chocolate Soldier." "Caesar and Cleopatra," "The Man of Destiny," "St. Joan," "The Devil's Disciple," are some of his historical plays. He examined the whole question of human life in "Back to Methuselah."

But those enterprises did not prevent his activity in public life, his authorship of long and serious works on economics, his enjoyment of every moment he is permitted to live.

Long life to Bernard Shaw; health and happiness and mental vigor to one of the greatest of souls.

itself, but it can do what it pleases with time and prejudices, and whereas a screen play fears to offend religious susceptibilities of huge masses, a spoken play, destined only for those who care to see it, can say what its author pleases, and those who do not like it can stay away.

There are difficulties and obstacles, but there is also a definite place for the stage. When the men who have the stage in charge begin to lose their panic hysteria over the screen and cease trying to compete with it they will be ready to go to work.

The stage cannot die. It may change its form—as plays are able to win greater freedom, as mechanical inventions give them broader possibilities than in the days of gaslight. It may discard dearly held rules. It may lose a section of its following, as those people who want merely a way of pleasantly killing a few hours flock to the movies. But it contains something that no other form of art can give and it will live and thrive.

OLD SPANISH CUSTOMS

A CORRESPONDENT writes in mild and friendly criticism, asking why so many of these pastoral letters have dealt with countries other than America, "Your own government," he remonstrates, "needs your brain work, not foreign countries. Talk on our government for the betterment of humanity," he concludes.

With due appreciation of our friend's confidence that our brain work can be of some benefit to any country at all, we beg to insist that we have no apologies for writing so much about other countries. We feel that it does Americans great good to read and think about the people of other countries and what they do, just as information about America is necessary to people of other countries.

Of course, it is true, what with widespread popularity of American movies, American habits and customs are becoming nearly universal. For example, the American ideal of young womanhood, the slim, energetic young thing with bobbed hair, with freedom of thought and action undreamed of in other years, with gorgeous clothes that reveal every line of the wearer is rapidly becoming the standard for all countries.

MORALS AND MOVIES

Maybe it's good, possibly it is not so desirable a thing that the women of all the world are tending to conform to a standard fixed by the climate and the freedom of Southern California. But it is a fact worth noting, nevertheless.

With our screen beauties popular in every continent, Chinese maidens of Shanghai bob their hair, daughters of cloistered women of Seville walk boldly on the streets and face the world, German *fräuleins* smoke cigarettes and French damsels cross their knees, showing whatever there is to be shown. Even the Turkish women discard their veils and look their men in the face.

And yet each country maintains its own customs, despite the universal appeal of Hollywood movies and the universal spread of knowledge of what may or may not be authentic American customs, modes of life and habiliments.

For example, it is asserted by those who say they know what they are talking about that Spanish people still hold to their ancient custom of giving a stranger anything the stranger admires. We have seen it many a time—on the stage. An American meets a Spaniard or Mexican and admires his scar. It is forthwith given him. Then he admires his ring, his watch, a picture on the wall. They are given him. Then the American admires either the man's wife or his embroidered pants—depending upon the type of theatre we happen to be in at the moment—and the curtain falls or the lights go out in a "blackout," amidst much merriment.

We know that is true, we repeat, because we have often seen it on the stage. But we have never seen it among any of the Latin peoples we happen to have met, but that may be because we do not properly impress those we

meet. We are still hoping to meet a Spaniard with a glistening Hispano-Suiza.

Then there are the French. For example, the other evening we attended an affair at which there were many of that nationality. There was a lovely, white-haired lady in the next seat, and during the intermission a Frenchman came and chatted in French, the gist of the conversation being a discussion whether a concert the following day was to be at three or three-fifteen, and whether it was to be at Carnegie Hall or somewhere else. What impressed us, however, was the fact that the Frenchman wore a monocle screwed into his right eye, and when he left he lifted the lady's hand and touched it with his lips. It was not a tender gesture, such as is described in that classic song, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame." It was as perfunctory as a handshake between two men, but there it was.

"YOU ROTTER!"

And so we come to the English. Our cousins over the water and in the colonies are cold and frigid. But they have some surprising adventures of the heart for all their frigidity. Every coldblooded Britisher appears to be doing rotten things and calling himself a rotter in the most correct manner. Otherwise, he would be told, "it isn't done."

Americans should make an annual pilgrimage to Quebec, for example, to see the English in their own environment. In one hotel not far from that city one can always find a lobby-full of apple-checked Colonels and their ladies and young subalterns, and one can guess what is going on behind those placid exteriors.

For example, an elderly colonel who marched with Roberts in Afghanistan or fought with Kitchener in the Soudan, finds himself in Murray Bay with a beautiful young wife who tries to Play the Game, but who finds it hard, what with her husband's duties and tours of inspection and his gout, and the lonely leftenants cluttering up the scene.

On a moonlit summer night the young wife finds herself on a grassy sward overlooking the lordly St. Lawrence, with the glittering young subaltern at her side. The husband is snoring in a chair nearby. The leftenant talks of the hills of Surrey and the moors of Scotland. The wife sighs, and the young man takes her hand and presses it to his heart.

After a moment the wife withdraws it slowly, looks into his eyes and says softly, "But, Derek, is it" (a long and meaningful pause) "Cricket?"

And right there is where she scores. Can you imagine an American girl saying, "But Hank, is it—baseball?" Or a Spanish senora saying "But, Hernando, is it—jai-alai?" That seems a bit silly. But when the English girl says it just that way, the man mumbles something, stands up, bows and begs her pardon for being a swine, and goes back to his room. Then there is a revolver shot, and W. Somerset Maugham has a plot for another story, which he locates in Singapore or Pango-Pango, and it is later made into a play for Katherine Cornell.

Oh, yes, indeed, one should know all about other people. It gives us something to laugh about, and goodness knows, after the American movies they have seen its only turn about for us to laugh at something in other nations.

THE SOCIALIST PROGRAM

By WILLIAM MORRIS

ELIMINATE economic insecurity, Socialists say, and most of the ills that bedevil millions of people will fall away. Life depends upon economic security, as does liberty. And one cannot pursue the phantom of happiness if one is constantly worried about making ends meet.

Another salient point in the Socialist credo is the claim that whoever controls the economic life of a community controls that community. A vested interest tends to become a political interest. Capital that tends to become monopolistic or a man controlling the main industry of a community tends in time to control the lives of human beings living under its influence. Unrestricted control of vast sums of money gives its possessor more than the benefits he can buy with it; it gives him an influence over government, art, education, literature, and the way of life of millions.

When industry is run for the profit of the men who control it the main objective is to make profits, and human welfare must depend either upon the heartbreaking struggle of employees against their employers, upon legislation compelling employers to consider human welfare, or upon the wholly accidental benevolence of employers.

The Socialists, then, offer as their alternative to the present system, described by President Hoover as rugged American individualism, a system in which there will be the greatest measure of social responsibility, and in which industry will be carried on for use rather than for profit.

PROPOSED STEPS

The final Socialist aim, then, is the conversion of the system they call capitalism into Socialism by converting the socially necessary means of production, distribution and exchange from private ownership to collective ownership. Under Socialism, the Socialists say, industries of a national scale will be run by the nation through its representatives, while local industries will be run by local communities. Details of the acquisition of the industries, whether by purchase, condemnation or by the establishment of rival industries; details of management and control, Socialists say, will be met as occasion arises.

With industries in the hands of the community, it is claimed, the way will be open for production for use rather than for profit, and all human energies will be released for the benefit of humankind. Under such a system, Socialists say, labor-saving devices will so multiply the product that the world can be clothed, housed and fed, and educate, amuse and inspire its

members with far less effort than the majority of workers are required to expend today.

That is the ideal and Socialists will explain to their own satisfaction how such a system will liberate the soul of man, how it will enable man to conquer poverty, disease, superstition and ignorance, how it will lead to the end of war, how it will not level down but level up.

As a means of actual administration, no formula has surpassed one proposed by Bernard Shaw. He suggests in one of his books that every child upon birth be guaranteed an income for life on which he or she can live properly and comfortably in accord with the world's wealth. Then, said Shaw, it will be the business of society to collect from each one services in return for that living. All other details are minor administrative points for the future.

BUT HOW ABOUT NOW?

Socialists, however, do not enter elections with the substitution of capitalism by Socialism as their sole platform plank.

Society, they maintain, is divided generally into two classes, those who own and those who work. Often the owners work, and the workers own, but in general the one class lives by owning, while the other and far more numerous class lives by working on jobs for which they are dependent upon the owners.

Those who must depend upon others for an opportunity to work are likewise at the mercy of their employers for living and working conditions, wages, hours, etc. The owners, by the power of their ownership, dictate conditions of life and public policies.

The workers, then, must be organized in unions and in a political party to force upon society the ideal of social responsibility. Progress must be away from unrestricted laissez faire.

First, conditions of labor must be constantly improved by action of labor unions and by legislation. Second, there must be greater and greater social responsibility, along such lines as public education, employers' liability, municipal ownership, public development of water power, etc. Finally, the workers must gain greater and greater political power so that as time goes on society will tend to benefit the workers rather than those who merely own. The ultimate ideal is a classless world all of whose citizens do useful work, the benefits of the labor of all accruing to all, liberating every individual for a full and free life.

In immediate politics, Socialists advocate greater extension of public works, protection of workers in industry, the limitation of the use of injunctions and other political, social and industrial steps along the lines of their general philosophy, as issues arise from time to time.

In politics, Socialists generally act independently of other parties on the ground they consider it of more importance to build up a body of voters with the general objective of their program than to unite with others who may not believe in that objective at all. They maintain that with a large and growing vote they can indirectly influence legislation in their general direction; otherwise their votes are absorbed in the votes cast for other

parties. How, they say, can anyone tell the strength they muster if they do not muster it?

Socialists maintain that honesty and decency in politics and absolute democracy are necessary, both as worth-while ideals on their own account and because it is necessary to demonstrate that the masses can actually achieve something by going into politics on a program of thoroughgoing reform.

Finally, many people who are not necessarily interested in the thoroughgoing program of Socialism support the Socialists politically because they believe in the principle of social responsibility, because they approve of many of the reforms the Socialists advocate, and because they say it is not necessary to go the whole way even if they embark to go part of the way.

Sold at
SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION
7 East 15th Street, New York 3, N. Y.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR